National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

From the (London) Anti-Slavery Reporter.

The British West Indies in 1850.

BY JOHN CANDLER AND G. W. ALEXANDER.

CONDITION OF THE PLANTERS.

The Colony of Guiana is much depressed, from various causes; but this is not universally the case. We are glad to know that there have been and are instances of persons who manage their estates with skill and energy, and who, if we may credit the statements made to us, derive from them solid advantage, and, in some instances, large profits. In this, as indeed in all our colonies, estates had a great and extravagant value during the long period of protection. That this value, oftentimes more nominal than real, has been materially reduced, by the almost sudden breaking down of that system, ought to excite no surprise, especially in relation to a country where the agricultural population is now small, compared with the extent of land formerly cultivated, and, therefore, insufficient to keep up that cultivation without the adoption of a system of brutal coërcion, or the introduction of foreign laborers, upon such a plan as should preserve that which previously existed. We have seen that the whole course of policy in Guiana has unfortunately been to discourage native labor on plantations, by unfair competition, and by an artificial value given to food imported from abroad. So long as this practice continues, we cannot anticipate that such an amount of labor will be procured as is needful to give land its proper value. The Creole will naturally withdraw from the plantations, and the foreign laborer will not resort to them, when he understands the nature of the laws under which he is to be placed.

In our opinion, the chief wants of Guiana, in order to render it a flourishing and prosperous colony, are, a larger amount of capital; a more thorough drainage of estates, happily commenced by a few wealthy planters; an improvement of the public roads, some of which are now execrable; an energetic resident proprietary; a reform in various public establishments, and in the laws; a great reduction of taxation; and, above all, a fair, kindly, and considerate treatment of the laborers, remembering that property has its duties no less than its rights.

TRINIDAD.

The Government steamer by which we left Demerara takes an indirect course to Trinidad, by way of Tobago, a beautiful island, where it remains but a few hours. We did not land, and therefore had no opportunity of obtaining information respecting this colony on the spot; but some gentlemen, residents there, who were our fellow passengers, assured us that its agriculture was much depressed, and the growth of sugar almost profitless, except in a very few instances. Some of the causes that disturb the prosperity of the other colonies, have doubtless disturbed it here. The passage through the Bocas, or mouths, which divide Trinidad from the Spanish main, affords very interesting scenery. The limestone rocks of the small islands covered with vegetation, the houses and plantations on the coast, the cocoa-nut and palm trees, and families of pelicans, young and old, fishing in the clear blue water, gave us delight; and, added to these tropical objects of interest, we had in view the lofty mountains of Venezuela to the west. On our arrival at Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, we waited early on Lord Harris, the Governor, from whom we received no less courtesy than from other governors. Port of Spain is the handsomest town in the British West Indies: the streets are well arranged, the houses are, many of them, ornamented with gardens and shaded by trees in rich blossom. Its quay is spacious and good, and its new buildings, recently erected, or in the course of erection, give it an air of advancing prosperity and wealth. Its situation also, at the foot of fine hills, and fronting a noble bay, adds much to its picturesque beauty. San Fernando, distant about thirty miles from Port of Spain, in the important sugar district of Naparima, is also a flourishing and increasing town. Trinidad altogether is a lovely island. In fertility, it exceeds nearly every other British colony, and is not inferior to the most productive belonging to foreign countries. Its present population is 70,000, of which, by far the larger part are Roman Catholics. The languages spoken are Spanish, French, and English; the merchants converse in all three, as well as in a singular compound *patois* in use among the common people.

The public schools supported by the Town Council of Port of Spain, with those belonging to the church of England and the missionaries, are sufficient for all the poor children of the city. In country places, but little provision is made for education, nor is it much sought after. Not more than 2000 young people are receiving daily instruction in the whole island. The Chief Justice and the Attorney General had succeeded in carrying through the Council certain resolutions, as the basis of a system of public instruction, and an ordinance founded on them has been sent to England, for the sanction or revision of the Home Government. Lord Harris is an earnest friend of education; he holds a yearly examination of candidates for prizes, from all the existing schools in the capital, and contributes liberally to the fund for rewards out of his own private purse.

There has been, in Trinidad, a large immigration of Coolies and Portuguese, and the system, manifestly an injurious and pernicious one, has induced the same lamentable results in British Guiana—wretchedness and death to the immigrant, and debt to the colony. The introduction of these immigrants attaches great responsibility and guilt to the mother country that has permitted it and to the parties in the colony by whom it has been promoted. The lazar-house for the sick and the ulcerated is benevolently designed and well administered, but the inmates look very wretched. Some of these poor creatures, as soon as they get well enough, steal their blanket and hospital clothing, and go out to live again by begging, or subsist on such wretched and unwholesome food as they pick up in the roads and streets. Some of the Coolies, who have become acclimated and attach themselves to plantation work, are said to be useful laborers. They are generally provident, and succeed in making money; but their moral influence, as in other countries, is not favorable to the growth of religion and virtue in the Creoles. When inhabited in their native costume and holiday attire, they look refined and handsome; their salaam, or salutation, is peculiarly graceful. The Portuguese who survive the seasoning are much respected, and make good work-people on cocoa estates, where the toil and exposure to heat are less than on the sugar plantations. The liberated Africans brought from Sierra Leone and St. Helena readily amalgamate with those of their own race. When landed they are apportioned to the planters, and articled for one year as fixed laborers. They reside mostly in the cabins formerly occupied by slaves, and seem to be content with a very low state of animal existence. We looked in upon many of them in the different colonies, and thought their situation to be a pitiable one, and their morals grievously neglected. Nevertheless, the change from captivity to their present condition is to them a great gain, and seems to reconcile them to the loss of their native land. The Creole laboring population born in Trinidad appear to be generally industrious. Some few are said to have become squatters on the Crown lands, and to live without paying rent, but we were not able, during our stay, to verify the fact. The number of such persons, if there be any, must be very small. Many of the common people, in this colony, have bought small portions of land, on which they have erected neat thatched dwellings, where they reside. In such cases they dispose of their labor where they please; usually to some plantation near at hand. Many continue to reside on the estates, in houses provided by the owners. The average wages for first-class laborers is fifteen pence a day. A day's task of weeding, under Slavery, was sixty square feet, and other work in proportion; it is now, under freedom, eighty square feet, and is often performed in six consecutive hours. A great difference of opinion exists in Trinidad as to the supply of manual labor. Some planters, both near the capital, and in the fruitful district of Naparima, assured us that they never wanted laborers, except, perhaps, for a few days in the busiest time of crop. Others, on the contrary, bitterly complained that the Creoles were idle, and that a further immigration of laborers from abroad was needful to save the island from ruin. We entertain the opinion, from all we could gather on the spot, that this cry of additional laborers proceeds more from a desire to depress still farther the rate of wages, than to increase the amount of effective labor in the colony. There is already as much labor at command as there is capital to employ it, and more. To increase the number of laborers, without increasing capital, in a suicidal policy, and must lead to misery, either to the planters, to the laborers, or to the community, or possibly to all these parties.

The physical condition of the emancipated people is not to be complained of, nor does it admit of boast. Wages, the price of provisions considered, are not high. The people manage to live, and are tolerably contented. Their moral conduct is yet a low one. Marriages are more numerous than in some other islands, but still the marriage-tie is too seldom formed; and, when formed, is, we fear, too little regarded. Much licentiousness prevails in the capital, both among the white and colored inhabitants. Whilst the great majority of the young are left totally uninstructed, it is not to be wondered at that larceny and petty crime should abound. The prison of Port of Spain contained, at the period of our visit, 6 women and 134 men. Its general appearance and management were highly creditable to the authorities. The men are employed at stone-breaking, and their earnings are nearly sufficient to meet the entire expenses of the establishment. We much regret that missionaries of the different denominations have hitherto obtained so slender a footing among the people of this island, as we find that, wherever they get firmly fixed, schools, civilization, and improved morals follow.

LAWS.

The laws of Trinidad, like those of Guiana, are most oppressive to the immigrant laborers. Under the pretence of promoting their industry, of caring for their health, and of advancing their moral and religious instruction, regulations have been imposed which take from the immigrants of both sexes the right to select their employer; which bind them for a period of five years, and even for a longer period, to labor exclusively on estates; which, practically, deprive them of any voice in the adjustment of their wages; which make them dependent for supplies on the truck system; which confine them strictly within the districts to which they may be allotted, and, in many other ways, interfere with their personal liberty, the rights of labor, and the formation of a useful class in the community. The existing labor laws are essentially of a servile character; and, unless greatly modified, will produce the usual results,—a degraded peasantry, and much cruelty and oppression.

We cannot specify all the legislation which has been directed against the laboring class in Trinidad; but it has been sought, by all sorts of devices, to confine them to the estates, and to deprive them of the privilege of settling, as independent freeholders, on land of their own. One of the latest enactments of the Legislative Council, against the holders of small lots of land,—for against them it is principally directed,—is the "Territorial Ordinance," as it is termed, which places a tax on their holdings. This tax large numbers of them are unable to pay, and the consequence has been, that their small properties have been seized and advertised for sale, by the local Government, in order to satisfy the impost and the expenses connected with the same. Such impolitic measures as these go far to deprive the colony of a useful body of laborers, who cultivate provisions for the general market, to alienate the people from those above them, and to create the suspicion in their minds that the Home, no less than the Colonial Government, by giving its sanction to such laws, is unfavorable to their progress, and intends to curtail their liberty.

THE PLANTERS.

The staple productions of the island are sugar and cocoa. One-third of the land under cultivation is devoted to the growth of cocoa, and two-thirds of it to sugar. The growth of this article for the English market, and its manufacture into chocolate for the markets of Spain, afford ample remuneration for the capital employed, and the occupation is an agreeable one. Cocoa trees are planted here in rows, with avenues between them, and are shaded from the sun by other trees, called by the Spaniards "La madre cacao," and by the French "Le bois immortel," which run up with a naked stem to a great height, and cover the grove with a dense mass of green leaves. In the flowering season their heads are covered with bunches of rich blossoms of mingled orange and crimson. A cocoa plantation is a comparative solitude; the gathering of the fruit is conducted with little noise; very different from the clatter and clamor of a sugar-mill, where obstinate mules are kicking, and the voices of fifty men and women are all in activity together. The cocoa planters are chiefly the descendants of Spaniards and Frenchmen, and inhabit a very lovely district of country, east of Port of Spain, called, with its town, St. Joseph, and is flanked by well wooded hills, full of luxuriant vegetation, and affording charming prospects. It deserves remark, that the small town of St. Joseph was formerly the capital of the island.

The sugar planters have lately suffered severe losses, and several had recently failed. Panic prevails—capital is inadequately supplied—and land is almost unsaleable. Estates may be bought, in fee simple, for as little money as in former prosperous times, when sugar was at a monopoly price, they yielded annually in rent and profit. The cause of this depression is much the same as in other colonies, and has been greatly aggravated by the recent introduction of slave grown sugars into the home market. It is unfair to depress our planters by an unrighteous competition with men-stealers. Heavy mortgages are a burden, which, under present circumstances, very few of the planters are able to bear. They can only do so when their estates are very favorably circumstanced in being near a place of shipment, the machinery worked by water, the land fertile, and the owners possessed of sufficient capital to keep them well cultivated. The assignees of a bankrupt commercial firm in Glasgow have consented to compound with several holders of estates on which they held mortgages, and to accept a third of the amount in full discharge of their claims,—a condition which could not in all instances be complied with. When such a change is effected in the tenure of property as the present crisis evidently calls for, we may hope that the colony will revive and again prosper; but the struggle will be a hard one to many. It is, however possible to be too much discouraged. Many who cultivate the soil have not lost all confidence in its resources, nor are their exertions paralysed, as the sugar crop of 1849 was the largest that has been gathered for twenty years; and that of cocoa the largest ever known. One case, illustrative of what may be done by skill and perseverance, deserves an especial notice. We paid a visit to a sugar estate near the capital, belonging to a black proprietor, who was born a slave, but who was treated as one of his master's family, and received a good education. At the death of this master, and his immediate heir, the estate, largely burdened at the time with debt, fell into his hands by bequest. When it became his property, it made only 100 hogsheads of sugar per annum; he has gone on improving it, till it now makes 600 hogsheads, and we have good reason to believe that it yields a large profit. As the property increased in value under his hands, he borrowed more and more money upon it, till the mortgage amounted to £16,000. This sum was paid off during the panic. The proprietor succeeded in borrowing the money of another mortgage, at the usual rate of interest, with a stipulation to liquidate the whole debt, principal and interest, in the course of five years. We asked the former mortgagee whether he thought the agreement would be fulfilled; he said in reply, "I think it will;" and on our expressing surprise that so large a sum could be obtained in Trinidad, under a state of things represented to us as so calamitous, he observed that "the money was not lent to the estate, but to the man." Here is a son of Africa, who manages his affairs with so much skill and discretion, as not only to be able to borrow a large sum of money in times of difficulty, but even to extort the commendation of his brother planters. There are other estates belonging to opulent absentees in the same vicinity, possessing similar natural advantages, but which we found in a very opposite condition. So rich is the soil of Trinidad, yielding, on some estates, two tons of sugar to the acre, and so admirably adapted is it to the growth of cocoa and of spices, as well as provisions, that we cannot but regard it as one of the fairest gems of the English Crown in the British West Indies and as requiring only a wise people and good government to render it one of its most prosperous of its dependencies. We think that the community, including all classes and interests, should have a larger share of self-government, both in this colony and in British Guiana. If this were done, we cannot imagine that money and life would continue to be surrendered for the supposed benefit of a small portion of the population, and we should have more hope with regard to other needful reforms including the proper elevation of the colored and laboring classes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the (London) Morning Advertiser.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.—HER CLERGY AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

In a recent debate in the House of Representatives at Washington, the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, in referring to the late "Fugitive Slave Bill," made the following comparison between Professor Webster, who was executed last August in Boston, and the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State:

"Sir,—I was about to make some comparisons, but perhaps they may be regarded as indelicate. During last summer two distinguished gentlemen of the same name occupied much of the public attention. One was said to have committed murder, the other to have procured the passage of this law; one was hanged for his crime; the other, for his efforts, was taken into the executive cabinet. One destroyed the life of an individual, the other contributed his efforts for the passage of this law, which must consign hundreds, perhaps thousands, to premature graves. I, sir, cannot speak for others; but, for myself, I would rather meet my final Judge with the guilt of him who has gone to his account, than of him who now sits in yonder cabinet!"

Language such as this, used at so early a period of the Congressional sessions, gives little color to the assertion of the political press of the United States, and reiterated by the "Correspondent of the *Times*," that the agitation upon this fearful law is subsiding. Mr. Giddings would not have ventured to give solemn utterance to such a sentiment, had he not believed that the conscience of his country was not become totally callous; nor, without the conviction of being supported by a large amount of public opinion, while eloquently asserting that there was "a law of right, of justice, of freedom implanted in the breast of every human being," which bade him look with scorn on such a law as this, would he have concluded his address by exclaiming,—"The spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, which was manifested at Bunker's Hill, at Saratoga, and at Yorktown, still exists in North. The same spirit which resisted the Stamp Act, will resist your Fugitive Slave Bill. The spirit which threw the tea into Boston harbor, will set your infamous law at defiance. The spirit which overthrew the power of the British Crown, will submit to no force that shall compel it to comply with the odious provisions of this enactment."

Calls for philanthropic measures in this kingdom are so numerous, that those who are really devoting themselves to the removal of the evils around us, may be excused if they consider the American slave as too remote, and his ills too local for him to be benefitted by their aid, yet Britain has always boasted a considerable number of ardent friends of the oppressed negro—many whose hearts, even now, day and night, are weighed down by dwelling upon his wrongs, and who, with John Wesley, look upon American Slavery as the "sum of all villainies." And when was there an occasion more urgent than the present for English sympathy and exertion in the work of Emancipation?

In Scotland the friends of the slave have been for some time up and doing; they have held meetings to give expression to their sentiments upon the "Fugitive Slave Law," to spread correct information upon the causes of the continuance of Slavery in the United States, and thus forward the Anti-Slavery Cause in America. Large meetings, some of them convened by long-established Anti-Slavery Societies, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Dundee, have been attended by fugitive slaves, powerfully pleading for their brethren in chains. Dr. Pennington, Mr. W. W. Brown, as well as William and Ellen Craft (whose escape from Slavery, and whose attempted re-capture have occasioned so much excitement in America) have usually been present. A considerable number of ministers of the Scottish churches have taken part in the proceedings, and while the horrors of American Slavery were fully depicted and reprobated, and the iniquity of the "Fugitive Slave Law" was exposed to indignant audiences, the tremendous fact was preeminently brought into view that the vast amount of injustice, cruelty, and crime perpetrated by the slave system of the United States was not only sanctioned, but fostered and maintained in existence by the professed *Christian* ministers and churches of that country.

Of this lamentable truth those versed in the history of American Slavery have always been too well aware; but the late cruel law is now giving to it a startling pre-eminence.

It is worthy of particular remark that the conduct of the American clergy of the free States, in reference to Slavery, has always been the reflection of the public opinion upon that subject; whether for right or for wrong, they have followed, but have not led the national sentiment. As the public have felt, the pulpit has spoken. In the earlier period of their Republic, while the people were warm with the achievement of their own freedom, the Churches strongly protested against the continuance of Slavery in the Southern States. Some of the resolutions passed in the years from 1787 to 1793 by synods, conferences, and general assemblies of Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists, speak of slaveholders as "man-stealers," as "sinners of the first rank," as "perpetrators of the highest kind of theft; but in process of time public opinion has altered; as the free States become commercially and politically interwoven with Slavery and the Slave power, the Churches were found echoing the general feeling against interfering with the "peculiar institution" of the South. Indeed, but for the Anti-Slavery agitation, commenced by Mr. W. L. Garrison, in 1833, and led on by him amidst unparalled obstructions from avowed enemies, and professed, but treacherous friends, the opposition to the iniquitous system of Slavery seemed likely to pass away from the sleeping conscience of the nation. In 1843 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, who, 40 years before, declared slaveholding as a "sin—slaveholders as sinners," resolved "that the Assembly do not think it fit, for the edification of the Church, for the body to take any action on the subject of Slavery," and the Rev. Dr. Cox, who was present on the occasion, "thanked God that their Vesuvius was capped for the next three years." In 1846, the General and Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolved, "that they wholly disclaimed any right, wish, or intention to interfere with the civil and political relations between master and slave, as it exists in the slaveholdings States of the Union."

The Protestant Episcopal Church has not shown the inconsistency which marked the course of the other religious organizations of the United States. It never evinced *any* sympathy with the slave, and *boasts* of not having been disturbed by the Anti-Slavery agitation. Several of their Churches are under colored ministers, of great talent and unquestioned integrity; but the Episcopal Convention has steadily refused to admit them into its body.

Though the efforts of the American Government to extend and perpetuate Slavery by the addition of 25,000 square miles of new slave soil from the free territory lately conquered from Mexico, and by passing the Fugitive Slave Law, have increased the Anti-Slavery agitation, and have compelled many conscientious members of the different religious organizations to join the ranks of the Abolitionists, the Churches themselves, with trifling exceptions, have evinced little sympathy for the oppressed; on the coutrary, they seem more zealous than ever to follow public opinion in supporting Slavery, upon the plea that, if it be interfered with, the continuance of the Union will be endangered.

At the recent meetings in Scotland (one only of which is noticed by the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter*—that for the comparatively trifling object of petitioning for the repeal of the treaties with Spain and Brazil)—the evil influences of the so-called Christianity of America upon the endeavors to abolish Slavery were shown by many unquestionable examples.

The Rev. Dr. Pennington, in the presence of Dr. Candlish and many other ministers, quoted the declaration of the Rev. Dr. Parker, of Philadelphia, in a recent thanksgiving sermon:—"That there were no evils in Slavery but such as were inseparable from any other relation in civil and social life."

The Rev. Gardiner Spring, a popular and fashionable Presbyterian minister of New York, and well known in this country by his religious writings, lately proclaimed from the pulpit that "God for the last 2,000 years had fixed his brand upon the negro; that he would not fight against God, and that if by one prayer he could liberate every slave in the world, he would not dare to offer it." The Rev. Moses Stuart, D. D., late Professor at the Theological Seminary at Andover, and the most eminent Biblical scholar in the United States, printed a pamphlet during the discussion of the Fugitive Slave Bill, justifying Slavery from the Bible, and passing the highest panegyrics upon Mr. Webster. The Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., a very eminent Unitarian minister, late of New York, has just declared at a public lecture, while vindicating the obnoxious law, that "he would rather send his own mother into Slavery and go himself, than see the union between the free and slaveholding States dissolved." With such clerical endorsements of the unchristian enactments of this Bill, the Anti-Slavery papers, at the present moment, abound. Human beings are sold without any attempt at disguise, by the ecclesiastical bodies of the United States, to support theological seminaries and places of worship. Synods and assemblies of divines have formally declared, that the marriage tie between slaves is not binding. This atrocious decision has evidently no other object than to facilitate their separation by sale.

The Rev. Dr. Smythe, of Charleston South Carolina, himself a slaveholder, and a native of Belfast, Ireland, when performing the marriage ceremony between slaves, uniformly omits the passage,—"whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder," and he, consistently enough, was a great opponent of the proposal to exclude slaveholders from the great "Evangelical Alliance" in May, 1846. In view of such encouragements to the continuance of Slavery, and such opposition to the labors of the Anti-Slavery party by the churches, it is not wonderful that the Abolitionists should denounce, as unworthy the Christian name, those religious bodies which bring their influence to bear against the freedom of the slaves. And though, in consequence of thus protesting against the conduct of the clergy, they are stigmatized by the latter as wishing to destroy the Church and propagate infidelity, these enemies of the Abolitionists in the United States and in this country, well know that it is the pro-slavery religion of America that is held up to contempt, and not the doctrines of Christianity.

In further evidence of the power of the Church in maintaining American Slavery, the following table, published by the Rev. W. G. Keppart, of the American Missionary Association, is quoted:

	Slaves.
The Methodists hold	219,563
Presbyterians (old and new school)	77,000
Baptists	125,000
Campbellites	101,000
Episcopalians	88,000
Other Denominations	50,000
Total owned by ministers of the Gospel and members of Protestant churches	660,563

Valuing each slave at an average or 400 dollars, or £80, here is a capital of £52,845,040 invested by a Christian people in the bodies and souls of men. On the ground of this fearful statement, the Edinburgh Emancipation Society in its last annual report—

"Would warn the Christians of Great Britain, in view of a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in 1851, to watch closely their steppings, lest in their efforts to promote Christian Union, they do injury to the cause of true Christianity, by joining hands with those who act in defiance of the whole spirit and tenor of the Gospel."

And such an admonition is wisely given. Lamentable, indeed, for the cause of the friendless slave was the influence of the sixty American ministers who attended the Evangelical Alliance in 1846, and who contrived, (under the professed guidance of prayer with fasting,) to quash the resolution for excluding slaveholders from the meetings, and thus to throw open the doors of their Christian Assembly to the traffickers in human beings—to the open defenders and perpetrators of the "*sum of other villanies.*" Warned by this controversy, from which it is feared the Alliance will never recover, the British organization of that body, at a meeting held at Torquay, last November, passed the resolution:—

"That regarding the present state of Slavery in the United States, and more particularly the Fugitive Slave Bill, they cannot invite slaveholders to their meeting in August, 1851."

Independently, however, of any effect upon the Evangelical Alliance, many a thoughtful mind contemplates with deep anxiety the unfavorable moral influence upon the Anti-Slavery sentiments of Great Britain, which is likely to be exerted by the presence of a large number of slaveholding, and pro-slavery ministers and laity, spreading themselves through the country on the occasion of the Great Exhibition. It is no light matter for men in high estimation for learning and piety in America, but whose lives are polluted with the guilt of slaveholding: men who, renowned for their defence of the authenticity of the Bible, bring that holy record forward to sanction a system which almost necessitates the commission of the most heinous sins that can disgrace humanity! to come into social contact with the inhabitants of this land. We shall, ere long, be visited by ministers of the gospel, "who," in the powerful language of Frederick Douglass—

"Wielding, the blood-clotted cow-skin during the week, fill the pulpit on Sunday, and claim to be disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus." "There"—says this eloquent orator, referring in a recent lecture, to the United States—

"The man who robs me of my earnings at the end of each week, meets me as a class-leader on Sunday morning, to show me the way to life and salvation. He who sells my sister for the basest purposes, stands forth as the advocate of purity; and he who proclaims the religious duty of perusing the Bible, denies me the right to read the name of the God that made me. The warm defender of the sacredness of the family, relation, is the same who scatters whole families, sundering husbands and wives, parents and children, sisters and brothers, leaving the hut vacant, and the hearth desolate."

If it be considered necessary for the health and personal security of the visitors at the approaching exhibition, that extensive sanatory measures and a large protective force be called into operation, a spiritual police is not the less needed to prevent the spread of a moral pestilence through our land. And in few directions will its efforts be more desirable than in watching against the insidious misrepresentations of the pro-slavery ministers. Nor will those who openly defend Slavery be our most formidable invaders. There is another more dangerous class—ministers from the *Free* States, professing hostility to Slavery, but in reality sanctioning it under various pretexts. They are, however, easily recognized by the experienced friend of the slave, for they betray certain unmistakable characters. When an American Minister is met with declaring that he views "Slavery in the abstract" as a *sin*, but will not admit that slaveholders are *sinners*; when, in addition, he condemns the Abolitionists-maintaining that they have exasperated the slaveholders, rivetted the bonds of the slave, and retarded the period of emancipation; yet while passing these censures, is unable to show what he has himself done or attempted in a better way towards liberating the captive, we may depend upon it that that man is one of the "bulwarks of American Slavery."

As no public meetings in reference to American Slavery have been called in the metropolis at the present momentous crisis in this question (giving strong evidence, if such were needed, that the Anti-Slavery feeling which once existed in England lies buried in torpor,) it is greatly to be hoped that the ministers throughout the country may exercise the needed watchfulness (as to the "American brethren," who may soon be expected to visit our shores, boldly inquiring of them what has been their course in relation to Slavery, faithfully protecting their own pulpits from being desecrated by the unhallowed services of slaveholders and their defenders. This question of human rights—this duty to the cause of the helpless slave—is of too solemn a character to be trifled with; even the conventional laws of hospitality ought not to stand in the way of the "higher law."

No one pretends to deny that it is the religious bodies of America who maintain Slavery, or that, if they were faithful to their duty to God and man, this iniquity would at once terminate. The church holds the key of the slaves dungeon, and she will not unlock the door and "let the captive go free."

Under circumstances so awful, it surely becomes the duty of England, as a Christian country, to exert all the moral influence she possesses in pointing out to her brethren of the United States their unhappy position. We send missions to evaugelize the heathen in savage lands; why should we pass by three millions of human beings in a Christian country, suffering all the ills of physical bondage, of mental thraldom, and of Pagan darkness, who are sighing for liberty, instruction, and the glorious light of the gospel? The sentiment of the religious and intelligent mind of England, cannot but have great weight with our fellow Christrians across the Atlantic. It would be a labor of love and of mercy to them, as well as to the slave, to enlighten their understandings, and awaken their consciences. Could a more fitting work be performed, than for each section of the religious world of Great Britain and Ireland to send a friendly remonstrance to those Churches of the United States, with which they sympathise in doctrine and discipline, upon their responsibilities, their duties, and their dangers in relation to Slavery? Let it be remembered, that the existence of Slavery is more to be deprecated in the United States, than in any other part of the world where it still prevails. For there it sins against greater liberty and greater light. The population of the States is now nearly twenty millions, and its increase is so rapid, that it is estimated that it will amount to one hundred and fifty millions in another century. The United States are the asylum of the poor and oppressed of other lands. And apart from the mere consideration of sympathy with the colored race, is it not of infinite importance to the whole world, that such a country should aim, in the might of Christian truth and impartial liberty, to purify herself from the foul and disgraceful pollution of Slavery?

CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.

A Convention of Colored Citizens has been in session for several evenings during the past week in this city. No report of their proceedings that we know of has been published, though they have been travestied in the *Herald* at considerable length. The following reports from Committees, however, which appear in that paper, are, we presume, genuine, and will be found important and interesting.

Mr. George T. Downing read the report on Emigration as follows:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON EMIGRATION.

Many considerations arise in the review of the question of the immigration of the colored American from the place of his abode, the land of his nativity, to any foreign place. Among the most prominent and important are—that this is our native land; that here we live, and have lived; that here we hope, and have hoped; and that no amount of persecution has driven, or will drive us to any inhospitable region—to any region whatsoever, save that to which death shall convey us.

Our fellow countrymen have selected Africa as the place for our future abode, and give as a reason why we should leave this, our native land, that in this, our native land we can never hope to be elevated socially and politically; further declaring, that Africa is the land of our forefathers, and that she needs to be regenerated—civilized. What a libel upon our country—our countrymen. The colored American "can never hope to be elevated socially and politically in this country." It is false. We do hope, predicating that hope upon a basis everlasting, and which the signs of the times indicate—

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

As the practicability of colored men going to Africa to better their condition, it is fallacious. The means by which we or any class can better their condition, is the acquiring of wealth and education. The facilities to possess either are far more abundantly afforded the colored man at home, than they are in Africa. It needs but the exercise of the disposition—to acquire which disposition is the same in the same person, whether he be in Africa or America. There are large tracts of land in this country, fertile and beautiful, which the colored man can occupy—live an independent life, where he can command respect and consideration—thousands of acres of which are already owned by colored men in this State. There are many trades and professions of respectability and influence open to him. He needs but the cultivation of the above disposition. As for the acquiring of education, the facilities are growing more and more abundant daily. The first seminaries of the land are being open for the reception of colored students. In the Eastern States, there are exceptions, where a colored student cannot be admitted. In our own State, two young men of rare talent have been elevated to professionships in one of her colleges. As an illustration of the superior advantages offered us here, to those enjoyed in Africa, we would state that the dignitaries of Liberia send their children and relatives to this country to be educated—instance Rush-worm's sons, Roberts's relatives.

But we claim no affinity with Africa. This is our home. We have beheld no other sun save that piercing the clouds that tip our noble Alleghanies—which glistens on our own rolling Hudson, and gives vegetation and life to the green fields, where our fathers lie. "The land of our forefathers."

What more this to us than to all other Americans? Go ye "home to the places your fathers voluntarily left; our forefathers were forced there; their sons will not be forced away." Further, we do not trace our ancestry to Africa alone. We trace it to Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen; to Frenchmen; to the German; to the Asiatic as well as to Africa. "The best blood of Virginia courses through our veins." We sympathice deeply with poor benighted Africa. We wish her disenthralment from the deep superstition and idolatry in which she is sunk. We would see her regenerated—civilized. "We do not love Cæsar less but Rome more." We have been persecuted. Despite of it—despite of all that has been visited upon us by our fellow-countrymen—we "love our country still." We would defend her honor while we mourn her shame. A fair destiny awaits her—a destiny shadowed in the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—our glorious Declaration of Independence—in the present times. What else is it but that it should be reserved unto her to establish complete the idea of universal brotherhood—including even the despised and abused, the rejected, the cast down. How the fact will be yielded to that effect—the fact that the first martyr, Wm. Attuck, the first man that fell in the Revolutionary struggle, fighting in vindication of the fact of the equality of man, and in defence of the rights of man, in favor of the idea of brotherhood, was a black man; gloried be his name. What else could have created the passiveness which has been remarkable in the persecuted and outraged colored man? What else have disconcerted the many movements of the slaves to be free or to die gloriously? It is the finger of God. He purposes a glorious destiny—our Union will be preserved. He hath suffered this persecution to be. The persecuted and the persecutor will join hands. The world—future generations—will have evidence of the truthfulness of the idea of universal brotherhood. Previous to the declaration of this grand idea by the fathers of '76, all England had faith in the idea of inequality in man, and it is left unto our country to give form and expression to its opposite. Look upon the many reforms which engage the general attention, and behold how all of them go to make up a sentiment which must annihilate Slavery, and cast it from our otherwise fair country. Its happy influence will operate upon the world in general. This consideration causes us to be more deeply fixed and inflexible if possible, in our determination to abide here—our home. Countrymen! Americans! why will ye strive to alienate us from our home? why will ye continue to oppress us?—God wills us to be with you—we will as He wills.

We are linked with millions who are here held in bonds. Nothing should or can separate our interests; they are mutual and inseparable; it would be cowardice on our part to disconnect our interests from theirs; cowardice, as those who are linked with them in oppression; cowardice, as Americans attempting to avoid the responsibility of battling against the shame and degradation that arises at the mention of America, because of her holding men and brethren in bonds. It would break down the sustaining prop, the hope which bouys and sustains the shame; it would give security to the slave master; it would have the effect to lessen the happy sympathy, the beating heart, which is beginning to throb in the American breast. Aye, this sympathy, this beating heart, is observed in no manner more forcible than in its opposition to the Fugitive Slave Laws. Interested parties attempt to conceal the fact, as they may and do; Castle Garden meetings may be held; Union Committees formed; Websters become the paid subjects of Wall and State streets; Footes invited to desecrate the name of Washington; Fillmores may issue their proclamations to make themselves ridiculous—all this may be done, and more, but there is no concealing the fact, that Northern hearts, with a few exceptions, have no sympathy with the Fugitive Slave Law, and will, whenever they can, nullify its provisions.

We are not to be forced or enticed from our native land. Nay, if they finish their steamships with even more splendor, and make their tables groan with viands more rare than those found in our steam palaces, yet they will

Lay rotting on the seas,

ere they will be regarded as an inducement for us to leave our homes. The Ebony line is an idea to lull, to satisfy, to cover over, to smother the sympathy for us, and against the Fugitive Slave Law; but it will signally fail. Aye, even the magic influence of Henry Clay cannot effect it. We could suppose that even he would be one of the first passengers, in the line, sooner than we, for in Liberia he might become President, were he not impressed with the fact that, in a short—very short—time, he will wing his flight to heaven, or somewhere else.

We have not as yet secured for ourselves a character—reputation. We are but the immediate descendants of those who have been reared under all manner of depressing influences, in ignorance, in an ignorant section of the country, and Southern plantations; we have not had a fair trial; our position has been a stooping one. We are beginning to feel the necessity of standing erect. We have too generally occupied menial positions, which has been urged against us. This must be changed; this is being changed. Our children—the children of those who occupy menial positions—are being educated to a more refined taste. Not, however, to discard honorable labor. They will possess all the requisites to success and advancement. They inherit a spirit of endurance, a virtue necessary to success. They are sensitive, which creates perception. They have strength, being the descendants of muscular frames. They are being educated, let their children be oppressed as they are. Keep them oppressed, cast down, as we have and our fathers have been, and you have accomplished that which to us seems physically and morally impossible. They will be respected here socially and politically. Believing this and admiring the principles of our Government; believing that the country is by nature blest with advantages far beyond those afforded in Africa, or anywhere else, how can any one expect, even Horace Greeley himself, that the colored man will leave this country. No; Horace Greeley will go first, for he seems, of late, to have a very lively interest in Africa. Not but that there will be cases of individual emigration; this may be expected. It betakes of a spirit of enterprise in keeping with the progress of our people; but no such emigration should extend to a committal of our people, to an alienation of our people from their country, to a disconnection of interests, responsibilities and hopes, with other Americans.

Your Committee read with sorrow and regret, the communication in *The New York Tribune* of the 10th instant, relative to the "Liberia Agricultural Association," it being evident, from the reading of of the same, that it is an auxiliary and ally to the Colonization movement; that its members, its defender, and recommender, are bedfellows with the leading Colonizationists of our city, and that it must necessarily receive our censure and condemnation.

The British Government is considering the feasibility and profitableness of our people emigrating to the British West Indian islands. We regard the spirit dictating the plan as selfish; besides, it would not afford a pecuniary inducement to the mass; at the same time, all the objections urged in this report against emigrating to Africa apply to it, with the following differences:—The Colonization Society of this country is dictated by hate; those encouraging emigration to the West Indies are not; that the African climate is more enervating than that of Jamaica; that in the case of Liberia, it is a proscriptive government, excluding men because of their complexion, whilst the other knows of no such distinctinctions. Your Committee would recommend our people to remain firm, in the face of all threats and inducements, to their oft-repeated resolve, to live, die, and be buried here in the graves of their fathers. To remove to the country to become tillers of the soil. That if any one be determined upon emigrating from the country, that they emigrate to Jamaica, and not to Liberia. That persons emigrating to Jamaica, or other places, to engage wherever they can in commercial trade with those they leave behind.

All of which is most respectfully submitted.

GEO. T. DOWNING,

This document was received with the most enthusiastic applause.

Dr. James McCune Smith read the following document as Chairman of the Committee of three on the social condition of the People of Color:

Report on the Social Condition of the People of Color around New York City, and on the best means of ameliorating the same.

The subject, social condition, embraces domestic economy, social intercourse, standard of morals, habits of thought, and general aim or tendency. These are too great a variety of matters to be well discussed in a single paper, and some of them are hardly pertinent to this Convention. The most immediately practical among them is, domestic economy—the most important, the general aim.

On these two subjects a few remarks will be made and one or two suggestions offered.

That we aim to advance, in common with the rest of the American people, is true, because we are constantly beseeching them not to bar our progress by unequal laws.

That we do advance in the teeth of the most tremendous opposition ever encountered by men, is a point on which I must, for the present, waive the expression of any decision. We are so mixed up in the heat and the smoke of the battle, that we can see too little of our absolute or relative position. Three or four facts, however, are noteworthy:—

1. Accident has, on two recent occasions, enabled a few colored men to save the State to the Whigs, and the Whigs have courteously thanked us by frowns and curses, and by introducing a bill into the State Legislature to appropriate $20,000 per annum for our removal to the coast of Guinea.

2. It has become more current than ever to talk of our removal from this country, as if we were wild Indians, or tares growing among the wheat.

3. Balls and feasts, in which we have expended some ten thousand a year, are losing caste among us, and have not paid this winter.

4. From some causes not well defined, there is a very general restlessness among us; a determination to do something more than we have been doing.

"CAN WE DO ANYTHING MORE?"

Hitherto we have acted with little concert, and less organization, yet we have done fair fight; we have now a reputation for endurance and plasticity from our worst foes. If we organize thoroughly we can do much more.

"SHALL WE ORGANIZE IN THE CITY?"

The advantages about city life with us are, 1st, that a larger number of us can be within short distance of each other, and thereby may easily organize without such disadvantage as would grow from the same number being banded in a single county.

We get a large amount of friction without being so condensed as to be reached by a law for removing us from any rural locality—such laws as expatriated Indians and Mormons. We can be, if we will, much better provided for in the matter of education in the city than we could in the country. We can, if we choose, throw vastly more trade of our own and of other people, in the way of each other in the city, than we could in the country.

The disadvantages of our city life, I mean those peculiar tons—for all city life is, after all, a kind of hot-house forcing of human beings—are the following—Our lives are much shortened. Look at the preponderance of widows and children among us. They so far exceed the calamities of mere sickness, that our benevolent societies have been obliged to cut off the widows and orphans, in order to help the sick.

Next, the seductions of the city—policy gambling, porter-houses, with their billiards and cards, create a gang of lazaroni of both sexes; women hastening through the streets, with their bonnets untied; men, shirtless and shoeless, hanging round the corners or standing, walking, gutter-tumbling—signs which our foes call the type of our condition.

3. City life shuts us from general mechanical employment; white journeymen in the cities refuse to work with us, and colored bosses have either too little capital, or too little enterprise to bring up and employ apprentices and journeymen.

4th. From the necessity of seeking employment in the city, as servants, porters, &c., our manhood is, in a measure, demeaned, lowered, kept down; and I doubt much whether manhood flourishes very much among citizens of any class.

5th. The enormous combination of capital which is slowly invading every calling in the city, from washing and ironing to palace steamers, must tend more and more to grind the face of the poor in the cities, and render them more and more the slaves of lower wages and higher rents.

No sane man can doubt, from this or any comparison of the kind, that country life is the better choice for our people; not consolidated, isolated country life, but a well mixed country and village life. The matter of education, the great disadvantage of country life might be remedied by concert of action.

I seriously hope, therefore, that this convention will, among its first acts, appoint a committee and place funds at its disposal, by which it may be enabled to concoct some efficient plan of removal of a large proportion of our people into the rural districts—partly as farmers, partly as business men, partly as mechanics.

In the meantime, let us not forget, that while there is a certain and positive limit to our advancement in the city, there can be no such daily increasing barrier in the country.

In the meantime also, while preparing to leave the city, let us look a little practically into the social economies in practice here in the city, an economy, which of itself, would save enough to send into the country and snugly set up one out of every ten city families per year; and first, about

HOUSE RENT.

In the rear of No. 17 Laurens street, is a back lot, which cost $2,500; on it are erected two buildings which cost $6,000. Total $8,500. Interest on which at seven per cent, is $595; and add for taxes, insurance and wear $100, making full cost at $695 per year. These two buildings are occupied by twenty colored families, who pay an average of $7 each per month; that is $1,680 per year. Here is a clear profit to the landlord of $985 per year, above interest and expense.

Here then, in the single item of rent, twenty families are paying enough to fit out two families a year most amply and abundantly for the country.

Again: if those buildings were owned by a colored Saving Institution, whose surplus funds should be devoted to setting up colored young men on farms, such institution, after paying depositors six per cent, would have a splendid surplus for starting farmers or men in other business. If we take a larger view of this matter of house rent, the results are amazing. According to the above estimate, each one of the twenty families in the rear of 17 Laurens street, are paying thirty-five per year too much for house rent.

There are some 2,500 colored families in New York and its vicinity; say that each family pays only ten dollars a year too much for house rent, and that these families could, by organization, retrench, and accummulate that sum per year; and we would save, in this one item, $25,000 per year!

FUEL

is next in importance. Our 2,000 families consume at least two and a half tons of coal each per year, making 4,500 tons. At least two-thirds of these 2,000 families buy their coal by the bushel or peck, thereby paying two dollars per ton more than the market price, which is a sacrifice of $6,000 per year. Then, if these two thousand families combined to buy their own coal at the wharf they could save, by purchasing cargoes, one dollar on each ton, at least, which is $10,500. Allowing the hire of a coal yard at $800 per year, and the pay of two good clerks at $800 each, there would be a clear gain of $8,100 in the single matter of coal, if we would thoroughly organize this matter.

By similar calculations, it can be shown that we could easily save $20,000 on groceries and food, and $10,000 on wearing apparel; besides setting up in successful and commanding business such men as are capable, intelligent, and trustworthy.

Hence the entire saving that would be effected in these domestic economies would be 53,000 per year.

How can this saving be effected?

It may be effected by a thoroughly organized mutual savings' bank. Not a common five or six per cent. savings' bank, which is, according to Proudhon, a sign of misery, but an efficiently organized bank, in which all the depositors should at the same time be shareholders and full participants in all the profits.

Such an institution, to be practicable, would require the exercise of a large amount of mutual faith and mutual confidence; faith enough in colored men to entrust them with large sums; confidence enough in their business tact for the successful manipulation of the money.

This bank would require a structure somewhat different from our ordinary banks. 1st. It should have power to buy and sell real estate. 2d. It should have power to discount good paper. 3d. It should have power to loan moneys on bond and mortgage on real and personal estate. 4th. It should have power to buy and sell merchandise.

I am not prepared to go into further details about this bank. Other gentlemen, members of this convention, have paid sufficient attention to the matter to make an immediate report. I would respectfully suggest that a committee be appointed to report on this matter.

We are in condition to adopt and carry out such report immediately. We have sufficient capital already stored in the savings banks to start one of our own, of the kind we need.

What end should we aim at in this economy? By a savings bank?

We must not regard this bank, nor its economies, as an end; it is only a means to help out the more desirable ends of our advancement in the community or State to which we belong, and the larger end of advancing the interests of the community at the same time

To do this, we must leave the city, its seductions, its oppressions, and baleful atmosphere, and seek to expand our elbows, our lungs, and our energies in the free air of the rural districts. We are already provided with land in a rapidly growing section of the State. Let us economise enough to go and settle that land, by five or six families at a time; and by and by our economies can extend to the exchange of the country products, timber, cattle, potatoes, for goods bought by our banks in the city, and forwarded at low rates.

Another suggestion. There is enough in our condition to cause us to meet frequently and discuss it calmly, searchingly. This American people is, after all, like a large and energetic stomach; its powers of assimilation are tremendous: it can knead together Dutch, Irish, brickbats, mountains of stone or gold, arctic regions and torrid heats—"a very capable stomach that," you will say. So it is; but then it has a left handed trick, which, like all things coming from that direction, is sudden and fearfully energetic—it has the trick of casting out, disintegrated and ground to powder, whatever it cannot assimilate. We must either go in and assimilate, or wake up on some fine morning and find ourselves spewed over the broad Atlantic!

We had better look to it. We should meet at least twice, better three times a year, and talk over what we have at stake, and what we had better do. Domestic economy, as I said, is but part of our social relations; it is the foundation of social contentment. When we have settled and consolidated this, we may go into our social sins and short comings and mend them.

The Doctor, after concluding the reading of the report, said that there were $40,000 or 50,000 of the colored people invested in savings' banks in Wall street, and he then presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed, with power to present the form of a mutual saving institution, embracing the matters of house rent, fuel, and other domestic wants; and that one of the conditions of membership of said institution shall be a pledge to abstain from policy gambling.

Mr. LOUIS H. PUTNAM read the report of the Committee on Political Relations, as follows:

REPORT ON POLITICAL RELATIONS.

Mr. President and fellow citizens—As a committee on the political relations of the colored people, we beg leave to submit the following report as the result of our deliberation.

It is no ordinary task to prepare a document sufficiently comprehensive to convey a correct idea of the necessity and the intention of this report, and we can only console ourselves with the pleasing reflections, that in discharging the duty which has devolved upon us, we were governed by the strongest inclination to serve the interest of our people.

On a careful examination of our political history, we have arrived at the conclusion that, since 1821, there has existed in this country a disposition to extinguish the rights and privileges which were enjoyed by all freemen previous to that date. The spirit by which the American people were governed during the revolutionary war, was manifested in the first constitution of this and other States of the Union, by extending to all freemen, above twenty-one years, the right of franchise, irrespective of complectional considerations. The fact that we exercise the privilege under a proscriptive provision in the Constitution, and that in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and in the Southern and Western States our people are deprived of it entirely, is a sufficient proof that a less liberal feeling exists towards us. The baneful effect which has resulted from proscriptive legislation has developed itself in all the ramifications of our existence in this country. The principle which has prompted these proceedings against the colored people is based upon the false premises that we are "an inferior race," and are incapable of exercising sufficient judgment in the political affairs of the country. If this slander could be sustained by a single fact, it would afford us some satisfaction to know that white men are not free from this weakness. The report of the committee of the Common Council of this city, in reference to the use of convicts to vote for respectable candidates, ought to be sufficient to destroy the objections against extending the franchise to the colored people. But the same principle has developed itself in caucus meetings, composed of persons who consider themselves far superior to us in point of morals; and although the tendency is to destroy the purity of the ballot-box, yet there is no remedy for this evil. We do not allude to these transactions with hopes of receiving any consolation for the treatment we have received, but to state the fact, that there are colored men who are deprived of their right, if they were in possession of it, they would not debase their manhood by bartering away their votes.

The line which has so distinctly divided the colored and the white people in this State, has placed us in a position so anomalous, that even in cases where the preponderance in favor of the successful party was the result of our votes, yet it has never been acknowledged by those whose political interests were subserved by it.

The conclusion arrived at from these facts will show, that our efforts to promote the interest of either of the political parties are gratuitous on our part; and for the future, we ought to be governed by such means as will enable us to subserve any design which may be deemed necessary to defeat either of the two, if their principles should be considered as at war with our interest. To carry out this idea, we must abandon our individual connection with the old parties, and establish an organization throughout the State, to enable us to support such candidates as are known to be men who will defend the rights of the oppressed. We have five thousand colored voters in this State, which are sufficient to enable us to control the State or Presidential elections, excepting under extraordinary circumstances, such as governed the political element during the campaign which resulted in elevating to the Presidency the late General Taylor.

To view this subject superficially, and in connection with the fact, that there are more than four hundred thousand white voters in the State, it would appear, not only egotistical in us to assume so much in favor of our ability, but it would be considered by many as an absurdity. But as these assumptions should be sustained by some facts, we will present such as will be sufficient to bear out our premises. The political parties in this State are so nearly equal that less than two hundred votes were sufficient to carry the election last November, which does not exceed the number of colored freeholders in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. In 1844, the majority for the Electoral Colleges, was 1,500, which will show that, under the most favorable circumstances, no party could succeed if opposed by five thousand voters, unless there should be a great change in the relative strength of the whig or democratic party in this State. There are times when the State may be carried by a very large vote, as in the election of the late Gov. Wright, and also his successor; but it occurs from the want of harmony in the ranks of either of the contending parties. But in this review no inference could be drawn which can in anywise change the main feature of the premises upon which we have based our calculation.

But the most important question that presents itself in this connection, is, whether the Anti-Slavery party will assume a position which will harmonize with the ideas embodied in this report? The answer to this question cannot emanate from us, but from those to whom it refers.

The necessity of indentifying ourselves with the liberty party has been before us for the last twelve years; but as we could not see how our interest could be promoted by that organization, we have acted on a different basis.

The important questions to be decided in this State by the next election, makes it imperative that the colored people and the liberty party should unite upon a plan that will enable us to act in an effective manner, in all the counties in the State, against any combination which may have for its aim the suppression of any measures which may be deemed as involving the interest of freedom.

The propriety of acting on the proposition of your committee may be questioned by some, but every man in this country who appreciates the motives by which we are governed, will commend, and not censure it. On former occasions, we have pursued the course which would harmonize with the views of the party we designed to support; but as our organizations were not sufficiently extensive to command any respect, many who owed their election to our votes were the most active in opposing our interest.

From this cause, the liberty party has stood out from other organizations; but as the time has come for us to occupy a position in defence of our rights, let no man shrink from the responsibility which may devolve upon him.

The objection which has been urged against the old political parties for their want of honesty, is not sufficient to justify us in leaving them in the possession of the field, unless we had the means to promote our interest without their aid. Your committee believe, that the banner that waved over 120,000 freemen in this State, in 1848, will again float to the breeze; and, in spite of all proscriptive organization against it, its cause will triumph.

We approved of the principle of the party, upon the ground of its national feature; and, as it involved the question of freedom in the territory, it was sufficient to command our support.

The position we occupied in the contest may be reviewed at the present time, to illustrate the idea in reference to the future; and, as our actions were in harmony with the liberty party, it will be a sufficient justification to sustain us on all occasions, when we may be called upon to act from the same motives

In 1849 and '50 we supported a different ticket, and the result of the election in November last will give a better idea of our strength than anything we can say in this report; but unless the party assume a position that will enable them to command the confidence of the people, it is clear that they cannot maintain their anomalous organization. We wage no war against the whig or the democratic party, but against the servile principle that prompts men to act in opposition to their honest convictions.

Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens, in contemplating upon the future history of the State of New York, we strive in vain to suppress the deep emotion of our feelings, and in spite of her oppressive treatment we are not unfaithful to her interest. We have sufficient confidence in the people of the Empire State to believe that we have their sympathy; and although time-serving men may deceive them, and interpose between us and our rights, yet justice will execute her will in behalf of our oppressed race.

Signed, respectfully, by

LEWIS H. PUTMAM.
ROBT. HAMILTON.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment, Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1851.

CONVENTION AT AUBURN.

RECEPTION OF GEO. THOMPSON.

AUBURN, March 10, 1851.

ON Saturday, Mr. Thompson, accompanied by Mr May, arrived from Syracuse. On entering the Convention, Mr. Thompson was received in the most enthusiastic manner, by the crowded auditory. Mr. May made a most effective speech, at the close of which he introduced Mr. Thompson to the meeting, which received him with unbounded applause. Before Mr. Thompson commenced his address, some gentlemen sang, in thrilling style, the well-known bloodhound song—

'Spring up, spring up, my brave bloodhounds!'

At the close of the song, Mr. Thompson arose, and was again received with every demonstration of affectionate regard. He said—

'Mr. Chairman, and Friends—My first duty is to assure this large assembly, that my absence yesterday was occasioned solely by severe indisposition; an excuse which I might well plead to-day, but that I desire, while a moment of strength remains, to fulfil my engagements in Western New York, and to mingle in the meetings called at this most eventful crisis to promote the cause of the slave. My next duty is to thank you for this kind reception—a reception honorable to your hearts, creditable to your country, and in keeping with your great object.

Sir, those who know me, know that I am not wont to indulge in gloomy presentiments; nor can I say that my feelings, on this occasion, should be described as more than solemn; but I must confess that I have, for some days, felt an impression that our path is beset with peril, and that danger is near. It may be that I may be early called to encounter the danger foreshadowed in my mind, and, God being my helper, I trust to meet it calmly.

Since I have entered this Convention, my thoughts have travelled over my previous life, and I have been trying to ascertain what there is in my past career, my published principles, or my present objects, that should excite the rage, the opposition, or the malice of the people of this country. If you will permit me, I will extemporize a chapter of autobiography, and you shall judge for yourselves. (Cheers.)

You see before you one whose origin was as humble as that of any individual here. I was not born in circumstances which enabled my parents to give me the advantages of an education at school. I was taught that which I learned at home Very early I had to use these hands in toil, to aid in my own support. I am no stranger to labor. For twelve years of my early life, the space between infancy and childhood, none ever knew better than myself the meaning of the word *servitude*. I cannot recollect the time when I was not fond of books. Equal to my passion for books was my inborn love of liberty. Oh, how often, when bearing a burden through the streets of London, have I beguiled the distance and the weight by imagining myself pleading the cause of injured innocence, at the footstool of some haughty tyrant! How would my soul swell as I rebuked the oppressor! How would my heart melt as I identified myself with the trembling captive! How often in my hours of solitude have I repeated the beautiful lines of Cowper—

'Forced from home and all its pleasures'!

How did my youthful heart dilate when I came to the words—

"Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though a SLAVE they have enrolled me,
MINDS are never to be SOLD!"

My first humble efforts for the good of my fellow-creatures were in the way of visiting the haunts of some of the most depraved inhabitants of the metropolis. I was a distributor of tracts. Early on the Sabbath morn I used to go forth, with some Christian companion, to the haunts of the drunkard, the harlot and the thief, to deliver my little books, in the hope that they might guide their wayward and erring feet into the paths of virtue, rectitude and peace. Those were happy days. They taught me the susceptibility and reclaimableness of the most fallen and outcast of my race. They taught me the subduing strength of human kindness, and the omnipotence of divine truth. My boyish exhortations uttered under the inspiration of a love that Sin, in its most repulsive forms, could not conquer, often drew tears from the hardened violator of the laws of society, and from the Magdalene who thought herself abandoned by all as she had been abandoned by herself. When somewhat older, I became a member of a small private society for mutual improvement, and took part in a debate which continued through twelve nights; the subject—The Duty of considering the Claims of the Bondman in the Colonies of Great Britain. I had already learnt much in relation to the condition and treatment of the negroes in the West Indies, for I had been in the Wesleyan Mission House, and had read the admirable defence of missions from the pen of the illustrious RICHARD WATSON, and had heard him preach his matchless sermon from the text, 'Honor all men,' with all the ardor of a self-consecrated soldier in the cause of human freedom. I rushed into the arena, and became the champion of the wronged and fettered subjects of the British Crown Soon after this, I joined the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, and there in the crowded theatre of that popular Institution, I re-produced my arguments in favor of negro emancipation, and was crowned with the laurels of victory. This was enough for my youthful ambition.—Little did the merchant's clerk dream, when debating this question before his fellow-members, that in a few years he would go forth to plead the same cause before the millions of his countrymen.

I married. The honeymoon was scarcely over, when I offered myself to the British Anti-Slavery Society, and was accepted and appointed the agent of that body, and so became associated with Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham, Denman, Macaulay, Cropper, Sturge, Stephen, and a host of men, who composed the bright galaxy of England's choicest philanthropists—the advocates of justice to Africa and her enslaved children With fear and trembling I set forth on my mission. Let my countrymen say how I discharged my duty. Let England say if I was ever vanquished in the conflict. Single-handed and alone I met the foes of freedom on the field of free and fair debate, and in the most pro-slavery cities of the realm came off victorious. Ask the Christians of England how I conducted the argument, and they will tell you that it was with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, that I vindicated the rights of my enslaved brethren. They will tell you that the great doctrine which I preached throughout the three kingdoms was the doctrine of the essential sinfulness of Slavery, and the duty of immediate, absolute, unconditional emancipation. (Loud cheers.) The conflict was sharp, but it was short. Events (as they always will do) aided the right cause. A voice came to us from the Antilles—'Christianity must put down Slavery, or Slavery will put down Christianity.' The nation met the issue; it decreed the doom of the hell-born monster. The friends of the Bible, the supporters of Missions, the patrons of Education, and the lovers of Humanity, made common cause with the champions of Liberty. England rose in her majesty, and issued that sublime fiat which proclaimed that the sons of Ethiopia, whether on the beautiful islands of the Gulf of Mexico, on Africa's stormy Cape, or in the Indian Ocean, should be as free as the child born to inherit the sceptre swayed by the monarch of Britain in its wide dependencies.

Such was the triumph which it was permitted me to aid in accomplishing. (Cheers.) While the act of Emancipation was under the consideration of the Legislature, England was visited by the Clarkson of America, my beloved brother, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. No one better than Mr. Garrison knows the motives which prompted me to come to these shores, or is better able to testify that I came here with as sincere a love for this country as could animate a human heart I came to give freely my aid in awakening in the souls of the American people a feeling similar to that which had been kindled in the bosoms of my own countrymen. that I gave my labor ungrudgingly; that I did not shun either reproach or danger; that I did not grumble at my lot; that my departure was not self-prompted; all who knew me will testify. That I left this country, still loving it, my last letters will prove. That I have loved it ever since, let every American testify who ever saw me in the land of my birth, or at my own fire-side. What has been my subsequent course? No year has elapsed which has not borne evidence of my love for the cause of freedom and of the people. In social reforms, I have, to the extent of my ability, advocated every movement that promised to lift up, to ennoble, or in any way improve the condition of the working classes.—When State prosecutions were filling our prisons with political offenders, I identified myself with the Chartists of England; and while I reproved (no man ever did so more severely) their excesses and indiscretions, I vindicated their political principles, and denounced their oppressors.

At the seat of the Government of the East India Company, I depicted the wrongs of the hundred and fifty millions of my conquered fellow-subjects, and boldly arraigned their rulers as robbers and tyrants.

In India itself, I openly identified my fortunes with those of the most injured and degraded in that country, and in Calcutta, under the Supreme Government of the Empire, sought to inspire in the friends of abject millions, a love of freedom, and aspirations after self-control. Let the English or the American press point to one question, affecting the rights of the people, on which I have not been found on the side of justice and liberty. I have toiled for freedom of trade; I have toiled to open the ports of Great Britain to the harvests of America; I have toiled to expose the injustice and oppression of a State religion; I have toiled to extend the suffrage to every adult male tax-payer in my country. For what act of my life, then, am I held up to odium, and marked out for immolation? Name the Englishman who could come to these shores with a fairer claim to the respect of the people of this great Democratic Confederacy! Name the man not born here, who is more an American than myself. O, my friends, believe me when I say, that I could with perfect sincerity address my own country, while pointing to this, the language, 'Would that thou wert not only almost, but altogether like America, save these bonds.' [Great applause.]

But it may be said, 'For none of these things do we mob thee, but that thou, being an Englishman, comest here to proclaim, in open day, our shame and our reproach.' How necessary then, that some Englishman or other foreigner should come for that purpose! I am willing to be the man. [Cheers.] I did not leave England on an Anti-Slavery mission. That mission was chosen for me by others. The mob was raised in Faneuil Hall to prevent my speaking. The mob in Springfield was created for the same purpose. These things, with the tone of a portion of the public press, have determined me to offer myself for the purpose of maintaining the first, last, supremest right of man—his natural, indefeasible, univeral, inviolable right of FREE SPEECH [Prolonged cheers]

These cheers assure me; these plaudits tell me that the rights of man are still respected in America. While I exercise, I will not abuse my right. Never shall you find me abusing aught that is good, generous or just in your country. No petty slander, no broad caricature, no false accusation, shall ever fall from my lips. All I ask is, the right to plead for the oppressed. All I ask is, that three millions of dumb slaves may find a voice through me. All I ask is, the right of appealing to the sons of revolutionary sires, in favor of the principles of their own Declaration of Independence. Never shall this reception be forgotten. In misrepresentation and violence, I will think of this meeting, and turn in pity from a deluded mob, to look with admiration upon the approving faces of the people of this beautiful city of Auburn.

Mr Thompson had been received with the greatest kindness and enthusiasm at Syracuse. On Monday evening he attended, with Mr. May, the lecture by E. P. Whipple there. As Mr. Thompson entered the hall, the audience gave him a round of applause He left Syracuse in the morning train, and while in the cars, saw a copy of the *Syracuse Star*, whose foul-hearted editor had, in the face and eyes of the strong public sentiment, again belched forth his abuse upon Mr. Thompson. Wearied by his incessant labor, and by no means well, he appeared before the people of Auburn, and from them received the most cordial and soul-cheering reception. He felt deeply how much and how unjustly he had been insulted and abused, and, at their repeated call, rose to speak. I have given above a sketch of what he said. He alluded, in a touching manner, to the scenes of his early days, and to the sacrifices he had made for the sake of humanity. The constant attacks of the hireling press made it necessary for him to speak of himself and of his early history. At times he could scarcely speak for emotion, his voice trembled and his bright eye was filled with tears, as he looked back upon a life given wholly for the good of his race, and thought of the treatment he had received at the hands of a Republican and professedly Christian people.

To us, who knew him so well, it was truly painful, and as Americans and as men, we felt humbled and ashamed for our country. The audience were greatly affected. Women hid their weeping eyes behind their hands, and strong men bowed themselves, and strove hard to hide their tears and trembling lips from the throng. At the close of Mr. Thompson's address, they applauded long and loud, and pressed around to take his hand.

The meeting adjourned till the afternoon.

The principal portion of the afternoon session was occupied by Mr. Thompson. The house was thronged, and the people were very anxious to hear him. Beside the citizens, there were many in from the neighboring towns. Mr. Thompson, on rising, was received with plaudits, such as are usually awarded only (in theatrical parlance) to old and established favorites. He thanked the assembly, and said, that 'as the resolutions which had just been read, referred to the position which the various religious denominations in this country occupied on the question of Slavery, he should improve the time allotted to him by describing the main characteristics of the Anti-Slavery movement down to the period of the abolition of British colonial Slavery. The following is but a sketch of the honorable gentleman's discourse.

The most prominent feature in the great struggle which eventuated in the overthrow of the African slave trade, and the extinction of Slavery, was the truly Christian character of the conflict. Christian in its *origin*, in its *motives*, in its *machinery*, in its *weapons* in its *agents*, in its *triumph*.

It was Christian principle, and a conviction of Christian duty, which led the Quakers of olden days to break the yoke of bondage from the necks of their slaves. All honor to them for the deed! Would that the mantles of the Jays, the Sandifords, the Bateses, the Woolmans, the Benezets, the Hickses, the Scotts, the Witheralds, and the Savages had descended upon their children.

It was Christian principle which guided the great man, GRANVILLE SHARP, to those conclusions, which, with his own masterly pen, he spread before the world.

It was Christian principle which moved, animated, sustained and guided the immortal CLARKSON all through his labors of sixty-three years, and cheered him at the close with the prospect of rest in the realms of liberty and love, where the great Redeemer waits to embrace the friend of the fugitive slave.

It was Christian principle that led WILBERFORCE to consecrate his matchless eloquence to the sacred cause of human rights. Wilberforce was a devout student of the Bible. He was a man of prayer. He went from his knees, and from communion with his God, to the Senate house, to plead the cause of the millions of Africa.

It was Christian principle, in its influence upon the consciences of the people of Great Britain, which led them to grapple with the sordid and cruel spirit prevalent in the commercial and marine cities of my country, and which finally triumphed over Mammon and Moloch.

It was the hand of a Christian which swept the lyre when COWPER sung of the wrongs of the slave—when ROSCOE poured his hallowed lays upon the breeze, and MONTGOMERY carried his entranced readers to the

——"Isles of the orange and lime,
Where bland are the breezes, delightful to climb."

It was Christianity that fed the holy flame of zeal and sympathy that finally, in its concentrated fervor, consumed the scourges and fetters of inhuman oppression.

It was Christianity that opened to me for years the temples of Great Britain, whether the worshippers in those temples were the followers of Fox, of Wesley, of Whitfield, of Calvin, of Fuller, or of Knox.

And when, at last, the hour struck that saw the night of Slavery end, and the golden sunlight of freedom dawn upon the islands of the west, it was a Christian people that crowded the halls and churches of the father-land, to thank God that a great curse had been removed—a great crime abandoned—and a great blessing bestowed upon humanity.

What, then, can Christian England think of slave-holding America? It is not simply astonishment, it is absolute *horror* that takes hold of the enlightened Christian when he looks over the Atlantic and surveys the huge fabric of Slavery here, guarded by the nominal professors and ministers of Jesus Christ!

The church denies the Bible to the slave, and cares more for the gold ingots which the rich man piles upon the altar, than for the souls of millions who are perishing in chains. Had I come here as a friend of Slavery, I had been received into the best society. The merchant would have invited me to his princely mansion, and I should have been a guest at his table, for from the wealthy and great of my own land I could have brought the letter of introduction which would have made me the welcome guest of the merchant prince, the scheming politician, or the hireling priest. If I had been the friend of Slavery, even Henry Clay would not have hesitated to give me a chair on the floor of the United States chamber. But I hate oppression! and therefore the oppressors and the dependents and retainers of oppression, from the member of Congress down or up to the venal scribbling editor of a Hunker newspaper, all with one consent hate me.

I came not here as the enemy of America. I love her. I love her clear skies, her magnificent rivers, her vast forests, her wide prairies, her lofty mountains. I hate nothing in America but Slavery, and that is not an institution which belongs to such a glorious country. Such a country and such a people should not be linked to such a curse, or cherish within their bosom such a source of degradation and woe.

I have a right to speak on all questions which have sought to do with the welfare of the race, for I am a man, and the slave is my *brother man*, and when I see him trampled down, I shall speak for him, and in doing so, I recognize no color, no prejudice I heed not legislative edicts or geographical lines. It is enough for me to know that he is crushed beneath the heel of the oppressor, and that I am bound to speak for him, and demand for him who cannot speak for himself, the right which God gave him to enjoy equally with myself.

It is a matter of surprise that the people of this country bear so patiently the efforts of the Slave Power and its abettors to extend its influence. Why I am told on good authority that your members of Congress have been extensively engaged, during the last session, in franking to their friends and constituents in the Northern and free States, as well as in the South, a vast quantity of sermons by reverend divines of the free States, sustaining the Fugitive Slave Law from the Bible! I am told that huge piles of this wretched theological provender (great laughter) have been in different places at Washington, and that it has been liberally distributed to any one who would carry it away. (Laughter.) Yet these representatives of yours were sent up to Washington to take care of the interests of the people; but the interest of Slavery demand their tender care and constant devotion.

But we are told that this system of Slavery is divine! Well, then, let us see if its origin and introduction into America was divine. How came it here? Why, one day there arrived at the Virginia colony on James river two Dutch slave traders, and the people of that colony, thinking it better to rob others of the means of living than to labor honestly for themselves, purchased the wretched slaves from the Dutchmen; and thus commenced Slavery in this country. Was anything said about its being a 'divine institution' then? Did they buy the slaves simply out of regard to the will of God, and to carry out His curse on Ham? Did those colonists rush down to the river side, and there on their knees ask God to bless their pious devotion to his decrees? This devotion to the will of God would, I think, certainly have been chronicled, had it existed. What now if the planters should find out that Slavery was NOT PROFITABLE to them, and therefore they had better give it up—do you think the good souls would hold on to it because they believed it to be a 'divine institution?' Do you think they would be willing to forego their pecuniary advantages to carry out the will of God? Do you believe that one of the hireling priests who now defend it from the Bible, would find texts to defend it when the interests of their slaveholding masters required that the system should be abolished? Do you think we should hear so much of 'Paul sending Onesimus back to Philemon,' if it was money out of pocket to the slaveholder to have the fugitive sent back! O, my friends, if it *were* a divine institution, it would stand but a poor chance at the South—they would certainly send it to conscientious New England, to be cherished and fostered there!'

Mr. Thompson finished his speech, of which the above is but a faint sketch, amid the most earnest expressions of the approbation of the assembly, and the meeting adjourned till evening.

At the commencement of the evening session, Mr. Foster spoke to a resolution denouncing the Church in general of the free States, which to this hour, with few exceptions, sustains Slavery in all its blood and guilt.

The Chairman of the meeting, who is a clergyman of the Methodist denomination, did not agree with Mr. Foster in regard to the extent of the guilt of the Church, and made some kind and earnest remarks to that effect. He is himself a rare example of a faithful preacher, and has suffered much for his devotion to the cause of the slave. The spirit of his remarks showed the good heart within, and those who did not agree with him could not but love the man for what he had done in the cause of truth and freedom, and for the bland and Christian spirit which pervaded all he said. As there was not time to discuss a question so broad in its nature, Mr. Foster withdrew his resolution, and intends to visit Auburn at some future time, and discuss with the worthy clergyman the question in relation to the guilt and responsibility of the American Church. Among the cheering things of the times is the fact which this clergyman stated, viz., that the *Northern Christian Advocate*, a Methodist paper published at Auburn, which is read by at least twenty-five thousand persons, has taken high ground on the subject of Slavery, and has but very few subscribers in consequence. This fact shows that the heart of the Church is not so much paralyzed as formerly, and is a testimony that the labors of the Abolitionists have not been in vain.

Mr. Thompson, at the commencement of his evening address, took occasion to speak of the aggressions which had been made throughout the country upon the sacred right of speech. 'All over the land,' said he, 'the gentlemen of property and standing have thought the meetings of Abolitionists to be but fair cause for insult and riot on their part. The rights of tax-paying citizens have been totally disregarded; the impression that the Abolitionists have no rights has been well impressed upon the rising generation. Boys and young men, who would not dare go into a political caucus to make a noise, hasten to what are called 'nigger meetings,' to disturb and annoy the speakers; they are taught by the respectable people, (so called,) that to disturb us is not only no crime, but praiseworthy. The church members and ministers have often either deliberately set them on, or have winked at and sustained these things I speak of it as a proof of the demoralizing effects of Slavery upon the people. Because a question is unpopular, the most sacred rights of citizenship are ruthlessly trampled upon. Unpopular! What reform was there ever on earth that was not unpopular? and this 'nigger question,' what is it? Why! a question that has challenged the mental resources of the greatest intellects on earth; which has engaged in past ages the philanthropy of the purest spirits this side Heaven. The Granville Sharps, the Roscoes, the Coopers, the Clarksons, the Wilberforces, the Macaulays, the Broughams of the Old World, and the mightiest men of the new, have for years given their best energies to the question of the enslavement of the human race, and your grog shop politician, your hireling priest, and even the half-grown men and boys of America, think themselves very wise and patriotic when they sneer at or disturb an Abolition meeting. They think they have shown themselves to be lovers of their country, when by hootings and stampings they have annoyed and drowned the voice of such a man as that, (pointing to S. S. Foster,) of whom America is not worthy! The Slavery question is sublime! It has to do with the soul and with its destiny! It takes hold on eternity! We meet to speak of lacerated backs, of bleeding and broken hearts, of souls whose light has been extinguished by the curse of Slavery. Let no man dare to trifle with a subject like this, for he will find his part of the responsibility no trifling matter, when he shall meet the injured slave at the bar of God. Tell me, Americans, one good which Slavery has brought the people of your country. Has it made you purer?—has it made you better?—has it raised you in the scale of nations? No! It has paralyzed your conscience, and set darkness for light; it has corrupted your legislation, and made the nation, most blessed by God, the oppressor of millions, and a curse to the world instead of a blessing. It has so maddened the brain of the people that they hug to their bosom the curse which feeds upon their vitals. It has made your nation a hissing and a by-word to the tyrants of the Old World. It has pamperized there a set of men who have all the elements of political and moral greatness, and but for this one accursed thing might be the happy possessors of one of the most beautiful and fertile portions of God's earth, but which is now burnt up and blasted by this system of utter wrong and oppression. Your Slavery gives the infidel his argument. Your divines, at Slavery's bidding, declare Slavery to be of God, and the infidel says, 'If this be of God, give us the light of nature, and the kind instincts of the human heart'; and he scouts the priesthood, the church and the Bible which sustains such a system of unspeakable iniquity. You are nourishing a canker-worm which shall blight the branches of your mighty oak, that tree beneath whose shade the weary and oppressed of all lands should find shelter, and you shall perish as the nations who have forgotten God and wrought wickedness have perished before you.

I know that the priest sneers at this, and the proud politician laughs at the danger, but that danger is not the less real. They laugh at the danger we portray as awaiting this proud nation, as the proud and tyrannical have ever done, and they will fall as their predecessors have fallen. They affect to despise us, and in the same breath tell us of the tremendous consequences which will follow this agitation! but they do not despise us, nor underrate our influence. The dethroned politician of Massachusetts does not despise us. He knows our power—he has testified to it in years past, when it was far less than at present—and he trembles now at the rebukes of the free people of the nation. The priest and the politician know that, should the people of this nation arise in their strength, and burst their thraldom from Slavery, their dominion over body and soul would be at an end; the people would think for themselves, and their wealth would not minister longer to the emolument of the few. Hence comes the cry—'Stop the agitation!' Stop it! Yes—stop the sun in his course—carry a quart bottle, and bring home the Niagara in your pocket! We bring you but a cupfull of truth from the great fountain from beneath the throne of God. Break the cup! have you dried up the fountain? If we continue this agitation, the land will become pure, and the prophetic politician might say to us—'Thou shalt increase, but we shall decrease; our putrid streams will become dry, but yours shall grow purer, deeper, and broader.' The slaveholder will never do this work, my friends. His feelings and his supposed interest prevent him from ever examining the question calmly. The merchant will never do it, for along the sea-coast from Galveston to Eastport, and in all the large inland towns and cities of your country, the merchants and traders are all in one great copartnership—a common bond of interest, viz., the profits of trade, binds them together. The priests will never do this work till the people shall demand it at their hands, and the pew shall preach loudly and earnestly to the pulpit. It is the cause of the People, and *they* must see to it. Let the people once awake to do their duty, and never fear the hireling priest and slippery politician will do theirs. When you have, with incessant labor, builded

as they have shown their devotion to Slavery when freedom was unpopular among the people of a free republic.

The people have already got the lead of the subject, and are now on their way to a complete triumph. A few years ago, Anti-Slavery was confined to a few silly men and women, who met in a small room in Boston; and before that time, one man almost alone held and uttered the truths of God against Slavery in this country. That man was Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Twenty years have passed, and he lives to see the fruit of his perils and his incessant labors. He sees an awakened nation! He sees all questions laid aside for the discussion of the question he has placed before the people of this land, and he sees not far off the certain triumph of the principles of freedom in this land. Anti-Slavery! where is it not! It is in the city, in the country, in the little village; it is in the halls of legislation, it is everywhere. The emigrant shoulders his axe, and while in the forests of the far West he fells the trees with which to build his log cabin, wakes the echoes of those vast solitudes with the songs of freedom. It is a universal principle, and, like the atmosphere, pervades all space. Happy is the nation which cherishes that principle, and prosperous the people who, while demanding liberty and all its blessings for themselves, give it cheerfully to others. That your country may soon do this, and in doing this meet the reward of a good conscience, and the blessing of a righteous God, no man on earth more sincerely wishes than myself. For this end have I spoken to you, for this have I labored many years, for this I am willing to live, and, if need be, to die.'

After thanking the assembly for their kind and patient attention, Mr. Thompson left the stand, while the people from galleries and floor gave him round after round of the most enthusiastic applause.

The Convention then adjourned.

We are the guests of David Wright, Esq., a lawyer resident here, whose family have laid us under great obligations for their hospitality and kindness.

Douglass has gone to Rochester to make some preparations for the Convention there. S. S. and Abby K. Foster, and our friend Philleo, have gone to Seneca Falls to hold a meeting there. Mr. Thompson would go also, if his strength permitted. We shall all meet at Rochester, from which city I will write you.

G. W. P.

GEO. THOMPSON AT ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, March 14th, 1851.

Editors of The Standard:

You will recollect that, sometime since, the citizens of Rochester gave an invitation to George Thompson to lecture upon the subjects of British Reform and British India, before the Athenæum Association.

The 'Daily Advertiser' of Rochester then commenced, somewhat in the style of the 'Springfield Republican,' the publication of a series of the most abusive and insulting tirades against Mr. Thompson which have ever proceeded from the prostituted Press of this country. Every falsehood which the scoundrel Editor, Hyatt, could invent or glean from his lying Hunker exchanges was again and again published, and he exerted himself to the utmost to create a mob for the reception of Mr. Thompson. This he thought he could do in such a place as Rochester, for there are hundreds of canal boatmen, as I am informed, who winter here, and, being rather a jolly set, and not caring much about the merits of a question if they could make a noise and have a good time; this foul-mouthed demi-devil of the 'Advertiser' has been for weeks playing upon the passions of these and other men, in order to get up a mob against Mr. Thompson, hoping thereby to prevent the people of Rochester hearing Mr Thompson, and perhaps, by thus setting in train a set of measures which might result in the murder of Mr. Thompson, to propitiate the Slave Power, which he fancies will be ready to give him a Consulship or some other office at the next change in the National Administration. For a time the efforts of this fiend seemed to prosper; good men began to feel that if George Thompson came to Rochester, a mob was inevitable. A lawyer named Pratt, who was one of the signers of the request for Mr. Thompson to lecture here, stood undaunted amid all this.

Mr. Thompson arrived at Rochester on Monday P. M., 10th inst. All along the road from Auburn people rushed into the cars, many of them to take him by the hand and give him a God-speed, and others to look at the man who was going up to Rochester to dissolve the Union and get mobbed. The train in which Mr. Thompson travelled was an hour and a half behind the time, and for an hour of that time, to the excessive mortification of the 'Advertiser' ruffian, six hundred of the most respectable people of Rochester sat patiently waiting in Corinthian Hall, the arrival of Mr. Thompson.

As he was wearied with his journey, he could not address them at that late hour, 4 P. M., and this circumstance being stated to the audience, after hearing some remarks from Messrs. Douglass and Bloss, they retired, to meet again on the next afternoon.

At three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, about twelve hundred persons were present, cheerfully paying for tickets of admission.

Mr Thompson appeared before the audience accompanied by Mr. Pratt, Mr. Selge, Mr. Loder, Mr. Post and Mr. More.

The audience received him kindly, and he commenced his address. He remarked that circumstances rendered it necessary that he should deviate somewhat from the common course and speak a few words in relation to himself.

It was a glorious sight to see, as he went on, the melting away of prejudice; to see the bland smile and kind look take the place of the averted gaze or positive scowl. The handsome English stranger stood before them in the prime of life, and of manly elegance, with his face beaming with thought, the rich music of his voice in their ears and thrilling their hearts. After speaking a few moments, he stepped forward upon the rostrum, and, with indignant eloquence, demanded to be confronted with his slanderer! But the viper had crawled hissing away to his hole; and instead of meeting the man he had insulted and villified, he was safe in his office, concocting another batch of lies for his next day's paper. O! it was glorious to hear the voice of that indignant man ring like a trumpet through that lofty Hall, vindicating himself from the slanders cast upon him, and demanding to see the liar who had uttered them, and it was heart-cheering to see the faces which were turned upon him, and hear the cheers which came thundering up at each pause he made while pouring out his hot contempt upon the wretch's head.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Editor did not make his appearance at all among the assembly. Mr. Thompson continued his lecture, constantly interrupted by the irrepressible applause of the people, and he ended with a beautiful peroration, in which he paid a just tribute to all the true and righteous principles of the American Government and of the American People.

At the close, the rostrum was crowded with citizens. They came up to him and told him again and again that they had come deeply prejudiced against him, and they were rejoiced to see and hear him, and know him as he is. Before he left the Hall, the audience requested him to deliver another lecture, which he has consented to do next week. Here we see the power of Truth and the real virtue of the people. The people of the land do not love Slavery; and if the Priests and the Hunkers would but let the people hear the truth, the land would soon be saved from the curse of Slavery and all oppression.

The lecture of Mr. Thompson became instantly the topic of conversation throughout the city. That audience went forth to tell the people of the manly conduct and surpassing eloquence of the traduced Geo. Thompson, and the tide has turned swift, deep and strong against the vile dog of the 'Advertiser,' and in favor of Free Speech and Free Thought.

The 'Rochester American,' a paper published here, has spiked its guns and ceased aiding the 'Advertiser.' The 'Herald,' from the first, has nobly sustained freedom of speech, and the 'Rochester Democrat,' a Whig paper, having the largest circulation of any paper in the city, has to-day an entire column sustaining freedom of speech to the fullest extent, and praising Geo. Thompson for his eloquence and noble heart. The poor devil of the 'Advertiser' is left alone in his infamy, chop-fallen and down, a large number of subscribers having left him, disgusted with his cool-blooded villany, his co-proprietors, who are gentlemen in feeling and conduct, upbraiding him with the disgrace he has brought upon them all; and to shield himself, he has at last quoted at full length the opinion of George Thompson held by that poor old wine-soaked disappointed hunter after the Presidency, Henry Clay, as if the man whom Henry Clay should praise and approve *could* by any possibility possess one *noble* and *manly* trait of character. If Daniel Webster, Henry Clay & Co. should speak well of such men as George Thompson, it would be strong presumptive proof that George Thompson was not worthy the respect of one decent man from one end of the country to the other. God forbid that their poisonous breath should ever breathe on him in words of adulation! He has no sympathy with Oppression or with moral putridity; he belongs to the people; they know how to appreciate him, and will both hear him and gladly guard him from the malice of his enemies. His triumph at Rochester is great, for it has been a triumph over rank prejudice, and in the face of threats of violence. The people of Rochester have concluded to judge for themselves, and have terribly rebuked Editorial and Hunker insolence. Henceforth, freedom of thought and freedom of speech are not to be disputed questions in the beautiful city of Rochester.

G. W. P.

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*Unsuccessful trials to elect Senator—Free Soil ill-luck—The Democratic flare up—General Cushing and his Conscience—Why the Free Soilers are the "Children of light"—What they did in Mr. Palfrey's District—Our fate—Infantile diseases incident to sucking parties—The Free Soilers and City Government—The Correspondent instructeth and bewaileth them—A Good thing out of Nazareth—A lower deep—The Aldermen and the Council's invitation to President Fillmore—Alderman Kimball in danger of being deposited in his own Museum—The Correspondent congratulateth the Editor on the pleasing prospect of ruin—The hay crop in Boston streets—The times out of joint and no physician near—From what Gilead balm is sought—The New Bedford excitement—The Correspondent glanceth at it and rebuketh the troubles of our Israel, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, March 17th, 1851.

There have been two more trials to choose a Senator, since I wrote to you last. Mr. Sumner was rather farther from an election than at the balloting a fortnight before. The Free Soilers are most peculiarly unlucky. Their men tumble down stairs and their wives and children fall sick; whereas the Whigs and bolting Democrats, for some inscrutable reason, enjoy with their families the rudest and most provoking health. And if they happen to have an exceptional sick man they have the miraculous power to make him take up his bed and walk into the House at the critical moment, and they can always depend upon his behaving himself conformably when he gets there. Whereas the Sumner men have no such luck or gifts. Now, it is said, that they sent up country last week after one of their household of faith who had chosen a wrong time to wear a kerchief, and the messenger actually succeeded in getting down to his place in time. But when he got there the dog voted for Winthrop! The Coalitionists still seem to think that it may yet be possible to elect Mr. Sumner. But the chances thicken against it. And then there was a grand flare up between the Coalition and the bolting Democrats. Messrs. Wood of Fitchburg and Branning of Tyringham gave the gallant General Cushing his gruel hot and fresh. He had to fall back upon his *Conscience* and *his principles!* Would it not be well to find new names for these articles when they become articles of Commerce? The term Conscience was, to be sure, used as an approbrious epithet during the last Presidential campaign, and it is time it were accepted as such generally. *His* Conscience! Why, it is like Mother Midnight maundering about her virtue.

This explosion cannot increase the attraction of political cohesion, which alone can bring about the desired result. Then both Whigs and Democrats all over the country have set their lives upon this cast and will move Heaven and Earth (to say nothing of a more congenial place) to have it turn to suit them. I suppose a million of money would be but a circumstance, if it could prevent any election this session. And since it is admitted to be a circumstance honorable to both parties for a great public man to receive alms of his friends, can there be any objection to a slight eleemosynary benefaction bestowed upon an indigent but meritorious little one? I can see none whatever. And the Free Soilers have at least this evidence of their being "children of light," that they are not wise in their generation. What do you say to some of the leading Free Soilers in Mr. Palfrey's district doing their best to prevent the people from attending Mr. Pillsbury's meetings! Could you conceive of such insanity? It has ever been our fate, however little it may have been our wish, to beat the bush that the Free Soilers and the Third Party before them might catch the birds, —and here they were trying to drive the birds away from the bush instead of setting their snares for them after we had scared them up! Had it been in our line of operations to have kept a corps of agents in that District I have no question that Mr. Palfrey would have been elected long ago, and that without a word being said in his favor. For after Pillsbury and the Fosters have set the sins of the people in order before them and made them thoroughly uncomfortable, though they will not at first come up to the mark set before them, they will do what seems to them nearest to it and go and vote for Mr. Palfrey. But there seems to be an alarming, though sufficiently common disease incident to young parties, as measles and whooping cough are to young children, to wit, the disease of *not knowing anything*. And the worst of it is that, if not conquered in time, the dregs are apt to injure the constitution permanently.

Ten days or a fortnight ago, for instance, a petition was sent in to the Mayor and Aldermen for the use of Faneuil Hall for a Mass Anti-Fugitive Bill Convention. The Call for this Convention, I understand to have been signed by the least *fishy* of the opponents of that Peace measure,—by the leading Free Soilers and such Whigs and Democrats as were ready to be offered on this altar. Well, our City Fathers *laid it on the table!* In other words, refused to let them have it! And yet they seem to have swallowed the affront as easily as a dog does a pat of butter and to have pocketed the insult as cheerfully as if it had been a Californian double-eagle. I have heard of no remonstrance against this impudent refusal of the Hall and no arrangements making for holding the Convention somewhere else. It has been rumored that the reason why they are so quiet is that they are apprehensive of injuring Mr Sumner's chance of an election by what might be said at such a gathering,—and that they propose putting it off till that matter is settled one way or the other. As if a good thundering denunciatory Convention held three months ago would not have been the best possible machinery to turn out this piece of work! This election, if it can be effected, must be the result of an agitated, and not of a calm state of the public mind. It is a *quasi* revolutionary measure and can't be carried without making an unpleasant noise. This was proved by the vote taken in the midst of the Rescue excitement, when he would have been chosen had all his friends been in their seats. But Wisdom crieth in the streets and no man regardeth her. As our old General Agent Collins used to say, "some people don't know enough to go in when it rains,"—and not only so, but they won't let other people hold an umbrella over their heads, when it comes in their way! "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love Simplicity?"

Apropos to the refusal of Faneuil Hall by the Mayor and Aldermen, they did one good thing that same night. They also laid on the table an invitation sent up from the Common Council to President Fillmore to visit Boston next summer. You may perhaps think from the doings of our Civic Fathers, in the matter of the Riot of the Fifteenth of November and of the Rescue case, that they are as bad as bad can be. Now they are relieved from that bad eminence by the fortunate fact that the Common Council is as much meaner than they as they are removed from what they should be. It is not merely a Lower House, but a Lower Depth, which makes the Aldermen seem exalted to Heaven. This Council, not merely Common but Unclean, to manifest its grateful sense of Mr. Fillmore's great goodness in kicking them behind and spitting in their faces, passed a resolution, I believe unanimously, inviting our Sovereign Lord to make a Progress into these parts and to lift up the light of his countenance upon this benighted city. When it came up before the Aldermen Mr. Museum Kimball, (a sort of sucking Barnum we have here) who is one of the Board, moved its rejection on the ground that the President had insulted the City and that therefore it was an invitation not fit to be made. The Mayor thought that this was drawing it rather strong and suggested that the proposition should be laid on the table rather than rejected. Which was done by a vote of five to three. Alderman Kimball is understood to be in training for the Mayorality; and, if so, he may take more by this motion than he counted on. For the Compromise men are savage as so many meat-axes and swear that he shall be remitted next autumn to his "wax-work show."

As you are of a philanthropic turn of mind, I am sure you will be delighted to hear that the Rescuers of Shadrach have been the means, under Providence, of fining "the Retainers" and the Faneuil Hall Slavecatchers some millions of dollars. This they affirm themselves, and I have no wish to dispute or doubt the fact. They declare that it would have been a cheap pennyworth, if they had bought Shadrach for a million The Southern trade has indignantly turned its face towards your more virtuous city, which has sealed its loyalty in the blood of poor Long. Southern merchants have closed up their accounts with their correspondents here, on the ground that nobody will buy their goods if they come from infected Boston! Is not this admirable? What more delicious than to see men soliciting kicks in hopes that they will be mollified by coppers, and then to have not even a bad farthing tossed to them? I understand that most lamentable vaticinations are made in view of this fearful state of affairs, and that it is firmly expected that grass will grow in our streets. This, *en revanche*, has alarmed the rural districts, lest such a crop should disturb the price of *hay*, so that we can all join in the chorus, "Let us all be unhappy together!" But, perhaps, eighteen months hence, by which time the South will, of course, have failed, even these wretched merchants may find that it was good for them to be afflicted.

There has been no successful attempt yet made to cure this most deplorable distemperature of our affairs —to reduce the dislocation of the joint of the times, put out by the unmannerly exit of Shadrach. It has been hoped and determined that at least one *nigger* should be ground up between the upper and the nether millstone to make a healing embrocation. But they have not been able to catch one yet. This has not been owing to any want of due diligence on the part of the patriotic officials or of those that stand behind them.

You will have seen before this reaches you of the descent proposed to be made upon New Bedford, for the salvation of the Union and the good of trade. The story was that a steamer went out of harbor on Saturday, with a body of mariners on board, to assist a new Marshal, bran-new for the occasion, in seizing a quantity of the stolen goods of the South in that notorious resort of receivers. It seems that there is a sort of pestilent fellows here (who they are I cannot imagine) who have most unaccountable means of finding everything of a patriotic nature out, and the strangest ways of letting what they know be known where it will tell most, and who take a kind of fiendish delight in counteracting the great ends of this glorious Union. These meddlesome fellows managed (the Lord knows how) to get intelligence to New Bedford early on Sunday morning. The town was never so shaken up since it was born. If the Slavecatchers had happened to arrive they would have had a hot reception, as there are six hundred fugitives there, and a sympathizing population. There was a violent storm that night, which may have defeated the expedition, before they could learn that they had been detected. In such case, they will doubtless deny that they had any such object, which those may believe that please.

D. Y.

THE HIGHER LAW IN BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, March 15th, 1851.

To the Editor of the Standard.

THERE was, recently, before the principal Lyceum of our city (the Murray Institute) a question which was designed to open the whole question of Progress as opposed to Conservatism, with reference to the public good, but the question of "a higher law" in particular; and on this latter question the debate chiefly turned for the two evenings it has already been up. Among the members of the Murray Institute is Doctor Snodgrass. The Speech of this gentleman on one of the evenings of the discussion presented some points which I have felt inclined to report ever since I heard it; and my purpose now is to do so.

The Doctor, on rising, was greeted with warm applause, notwithstanding he had spoken before on the same question, and it was known what course of argument he would pursue. The very warmth of the applause, as is not unusual, brought out some hisses. I name these circumstances that the peculiarities of his opening remarks may be accounted for. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT: I observe that the hisses have been given in advance, this evening. This is still more encouraging than when they followed my remarks. I told you the other evening, when I was hissed for quoting an opinion from one who happened to be clothed in a skin darker hued than my own (Frederick Douglass), these demonstrations, however you may regret them, are calculated to do no credit to the perpetrators, or the Institute; I "rather like" them myself, because they indicate that the minds of even the geese are acting, according to their capacities—and it is certain that there is no room to despair of moving the men of this large audience, while the geese are so easily stirred into life. (Laughter.) Besides, as pointedly and effectively said by the ex-Marylander whom I have alluded to, every one must be left to express himself in his own vernacular. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. President, in the remarks I may submit within the brief time allotted us (fifteen minutes each), I shall not attempt a systematic speech; but I will follow the lead of those who have preceded me. The two topics introduced, to-night, by the other side, are the opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law and the advocacy of Woman's Rights. I shall not have time to treat of both now, though I promise you not to neglect either in the end. Now, sir, I am ready to admit that the spread of "higher law" sentiments in opposition to this particular enactment is so considerable as to justify the classing of them among the "new movements" complained of. And yet, sir, our daily papers do not give anything like an adequate conception of the extent of this feeling. They only give the doings of the "chief commercial cities," where the interests of the Southern trade control and override all other interests, and especially the great interests of Humanity, and they only give partial and biassed accounts of these even. They give no accounts (except perverted ones) of the numerous meetings in the interior of the Northern and Western States, so many of whose prosperous hills and teeming vallies have been made to ring with the voice of indignation against this unholy and outrageous law. (Sensation.) Sir, your papers deceive you—they wilfully deceive you—because they are afraid to tell the truth. They go upon the principle of the man who proposed to curtail his oath, and tell "the truth," and "nothing but the truth," but not the "*whole* truth." (Laughter.) Nay, sir, they are not so fair as this even; and you will never get the "whole truth" unless you do as I do: I read all sides—from the most rabid Southern to the most ultra Northern papers.

Depend upon it, sir, the "higher law" doctrine is spreading; and it will continue to spread, until it reaches the Supreme Court of the United States. It is the hope of the distinguished man whose words embody the idea of this higher law (Senator Seward) that it will yet find expression from that high tribunal.

A gentleman on the other side has quoted the Apostles, in sustainment of his complaint against the prevalence of these progressive notions of right, such as the admonition of the Apostle Paul to the new converts in one of the churches, to "submit themselves to the higher powers," because "the powers that be are ordained of God." Now, sir, I admire Paul, and I respect his opinions, and no doubt we shall hear him quoted against Woman's Rights (though he was a *bachelor* and candidly told us he spoke sometimes "as a man," he is offenest quoted on a subject of which he was personally ignorant—laughter); but it is proper to examine into the drift intended in his admonition, as well as the application designed by him. He simply, as I understand, was warning some of the over-zealous young converts against the notion that had gotten into their heads, that Christianity had elevated them above, or lifted without the pale of, *all* laws, whereby they were causing the spirit of their new sect to be misunderstood, and reproach to be cast upon it. All such passages had a local and special application, when spoken, and they can only be taken in a qualified sense now and by us. This is the view, if I remember him aright, which the great Orthodox expounder of the moral, Arch-Deacon Payley, allows to be correct. And he ought to be deemed conservative enough authority and safe enough for the dreaders of change, for he believed in the "Divine right of Kings," and even condemned the "higher law" notions which moved our Revolutionary fathers to rebel against and successfully resist the claims of the *lower* law of Great Britain —(Loud applause.)

But allusion has been made, Mr. President, to Jesus of Nazareth; and the question has been asked, in an air of triumph, "Was he found practising these 'higher law' notions, and breaking the laws of the land?" I answer, yes. He preached this doctrine when he directed his disciples to pluck corn and eat it on the Sabbath-day, remarking that the "Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath!" Why, sir, that great and glorious reformer lived in solemn contempt for all laws that he regarded oppressive, and therefore opposed to the "higher law" which he came to promulge. "*He* broke no law"! Why, sir, his was a law-contemning career—his whole life was a life of agitation and progress! It was both his glory and his reproach that he "turned the world upside down." (Applause.) For this they murdered Him, as the opponents of progress have continued to serve all who have dared to follow his example, since his day. Thank God, it is true, however, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" in its widest application. It is the seed of all the reforms that are sweeping over and purifying the world! (Loud applause.)

Again, my friend to the left of me has said that all good citizens should obey the laws enacted by the majority, whatever they may be, or seek another home. With a swelling chest and indignant tone—with all the energy of voice and gesture for which he is so remarkable—he has said "Let those leave the land who do not like the laws"! Very easily said, sir. It is very easy to ask "Why don't they go?" Why, sir, there are upwards of three millions of people in this boasted land, not a few of whom try to get away, but you won't let them! (Laughter.) When they, who are oppressed by those *lower* laws which prevail "*down* South" here, start peaceably for Queen Victoria's Dominions, thus obeying the command of my friend and the "higher law" which God has written within them, what do you do? Do you tell them to "go in peace"? No, sir—no! You send your constables—your two-legged hounds (laughter and faint hisses) after them, and drag them back into Slavery! Ay! and you command free citizens of free States to seize hold of the flying, panting fugitive, and assist in dragging him back! (Sensation.) Mr. President, I am frank to say, (and I do it from my inmost heart, after a calm examination of the requirement of the law referred to) that I would suffer my arm to be severed from my body, and my head to follow it, leaving my body a trunkless corpse, before I would obey it! (Boisterous applause, mingled with a few timid and almost inaudible hisses.)

But, let us test my friend's rule about leaving the country, when we feel that the laws oppress us, or interfere with our consciousness of truth and the right, and yet have striven in vain to get them changed. Let us apply the rule to white people, thus bringing it home —so that those who cannot see the truth, when applied to colored people, may perchance catch a ray or two in this way. (Laughter.) Imagine, what is of common occurrence in this land of plenty—some poor laboring man, dragged down to poverty and wo by his physical circumstances. He has a large family, (what my friend, I should have felt sure, had not, did I not know him to be a single man (laughter), else he would not have talked so unfeelingly—or rather, carelessly) a family composed, let us suppose, of several small children. Their mother is in bad health, and the whole burden is on him to support and watch over them in his poverty. How is such an one to get away from laws passed, perhaps without his consent, by rich oppressors or heartless demagogues? (Applause.) It is very easy to *talk* about getting away; but talking and doing would be quite different things to such an one. God, who pities his poor, knows that it would be difficult! (Deep sensation throughout the audience, followed by loud applause.)

But one of our opponents, in his holy horror of the spread of "higher law" notions of human rights, has taken bolder grounds than even this. He has gone so far as to give it, as his deliberate opinion (and I fear he is not alone in it) that it would be our duty to obey a law which even attempted to interfere with our chosen mode of worshipping God, until repealed; and he has expressed his confident assurance that a just God would hold us guiltless for the compulsory act! I begin to feel hopeful, sir, when I hear these sentiments. For surely, if this be true, then is there some hope for those poor slaves, who worship, if at all, by themselves, with armed policemen at the doors of their churches—else with a white preacher set over them by their masters, to teach them such doctrines as suiteth them! (Applause.) I begin to have hope for the poor heathen too; and I think my friend, who is in favor of sending garments as well as Bibles containing the "higher law" of Christianity, will agree that, upon his own showing, that we might keep them at home and give them to the heathen "at your own door," as John Randolph once cuttingly told the haughty mistress in Virginia, whom he found making clothes to send to the Greeks, while several slave children were wallowing in their filthy nakedness around her door!

Prolonged applause followed this last hit without a single hiss, that I could hear, and the Doctor took his seat, promising to pursue the subject next week, when he again had the floor. I have given the above points in his speech, accompanied by indications of their reception, to show you that all hope of Progress is not shut out from even slaveholding Baltimore. With a few more bold spirits to second the philanthropic efforts of Dr. Snodgrass to spread the much needed light on the reformatory movements of the day, in this important and hopeful locality, a glorious work might be accomplished.

FITZ VINCENT.

Communications.

THE following calm and candid article from an esteemed friend in Boston has come to us after being refused an insertion in the *Boston Traveller* and *Boston Atlas*, and declined by *The Tribune* for want of room:

To the Editor of the Standard:

I have but quite recently met with the speech of the Rev. Dr. Dewey, delivered at the Union Meeting, at Pittsfield, in December last,—and, as it presents, both in its moral and political aspects, many points open to just criticism and argument, I am desirous of a very few remarks on some of the more prominent positions assumed in that speech.

Dr. Dewey commences by saying, that "there is a moral question presented by the Fugitive Slave Bill, which is to me, I frankly say, one of the most difficult and painful that it has ever fallen to my lot to consider."

It seems to me, this declaration involves an obscurity, which the Rev. speaker does not distinctly clear up, or define. He does not show where the difficulty lies, nor where the pain is experienced; groping in such dim light as we have, we must meet the difficulty, as best we can, by the aid of common sense, logically applied to the subject matter.

What then is the difficulty which this question, considered solely in its moral aspects, presents?

Tried by the standard of right and wrong; divested of its legal and political adjuncts, and consequences, we confess to no difficulty whatever. The difficulty, it seems to us, which has puzzled the Rev. Dr. does not lie in an obscurity of vision, that prevents him from seeing, and partially admitting, the manifest wrongfulness of thrusting men, who, have achieved their liberty, back into Slavery; but he is led astray in his reasoning, by blending another consideration with the moral question: viz., if we obey our natural instincts and moral convictions, and refuse to violate our consciences, by sustaining this Law, will not the consequences to our political and pecuniary prospects be a sacrifice which we are not willing to make? If, on the one hand, I obey the Law, my moral convictions of its unrighteousness must be sacrificed, and my conscience violated. If I disobey the Law, I may be visited by pains and penalties, and these an easy virtue, will tempt us to magnify to the utmost, as Dr. Dewey has done in his speech.

To our unsophisticated vision, the case which Dr. Dewey says has pained and puzzled him, is as clear as that two and two make four, and we venture to suppose that whoever attempts to make more, or less than four, out of two and two, will fail in the result, though he claim to be the greatest mathematician that ever lived. So in a moral question will every teacher of ethics (which we believe Dr. Dewey claims to be) fail, who attempts to convince us that right and wrong are to be judged solely, principally, or at all, by the consequences that may result to our pockets or our popularity, or any other momentary or fancied advantage, which may, or may not, occur to us from doing rightfully or wrongfully to others.

We are commanded by revelation, by reason, and by our whole moral nature, "to do to others, as we would that others should do to us." By this test, no man can assist to enslave another, and he who asserts the contrary, convicts himself of hypocrisy, we care not who he is, learned or unlearned.

We will note, however, how Dr. Dewey endeavors to extricate himself from the dilemma of his own position. He admits the obligation of the Law of conscience, in opposition to the laws of man, in certain cases, and begging his pardon, we affirm that this admission is fatal to his argument, and his conclusions: that it sweeps away every particle of the foundation upon which he endeavors to sustain himself in the premises. He says "there is a law of conscience, which is above any constitution, any compact, any advantage whatever." Very well—that is precisely our view, very fully, clearly, and happily expressed.

He then specifies certain exceptions. We will quote him. "If I were required to blaspheme God." "If I were required to tell a lie—to avouch here in the presence of God, that to be true which I knew to be false, I firmly say, I would not do it to save my life, or your lives, or the life of the whole nation."

"Or if the Southern people were idolators, and would make no compact with us, but on condition that we would worship their Gods, I say, that we could not do it, and ought not to do it." "Or if they were worshippers of Moloch, and demanded as the condition of Union with them, that we should send to them a hundred of our children every year, to go through the fire to their idol, I say we could not do it."

We say amen to all this, and if we enlarge the catalogue of deadly sins, which we would not commit at the command of any earthly power whatever, who shall gainsay us, and by what right? Clearly by no right whatever.

If Dr. Dewey sets up his conscience in opposition to human law and authority, in cases where his sense of moral right, and his conscientious convictions are clearly, and very palpably violated, what is to prevent me, by the same standard, and the other ninety-eight individuals out of every hundred, which Dr. Dewey and myself make up, what is to prevent us all from making our own individual consciences our individual rule of action? Dr. Dewey certainly will not pretend that our consciences are to be stretched to conform to his conscience; that his is the standard for all other men, in this "model republic" of ours—certainly not—and what then follows? clearly this—that every man's conscience is, and must be, by every moral and divine law, his own guide, and he who violates its imperative injunctions, is a criminal of the deepest dye, both in the light of God, and all true men.

A word more, by way of illustration: Dr Dewey "would not send one hundred of *our* children, annually to go through fire to a Southern Moloch; he could not do it." If he cannot send his own children to this sacrifice, can he, by any parity of right or reason, send other people's children? Can he, can any man, innocently send, annually, or consent to send, in the person of fugitive slaves, not one hundred, but a vast multitude of God's children, "carved in ebony," though they be, to go through fire to the Southern Moloch of Slavery? Every instinct of humanity, every principle of sound morals, and every precept of divine revelation, answer emphatically, *No.*

We *must*, therefore, disobey this Law, passively at least—collectively, officially, or as private citizens, in its execution; and we may confidently rely on the ethics and reasoning of Dr. Dewey, as quoted above, as a sufficient justification for such disobedience.

We had thought, in our simplicity, that the doctrine, "that we may do evil that good may come," and "that the end sanctifies the means," had been sufficiently repudiated by all religious and moral writers, except, perhaps, by the Jesuits, of the Romish faith; but, to our surprise and indignation, we see the most detestable doctrines advanced, and our most popular religious and moral teachers, side by side with political trimmers and traitors, in calculating principles, which, in these latter days, even the Church of Rome, if not ashamed, is at least too politic openly to avow.

According to Dr. Dewey, and the whole tribe of pro-slavery advocates of this law, if we refuse to hunt down and send back the fugitive slaves, we shall first destroy the Union, and next deluge the land with civil war. Blood and carnage must be our portion, for the Lord only knows how long, until the Nation is destroyed.

The ignorant and the credulous may possibly be frightened by the terrible array of calamities which are to befall us, if we refuse to become slavehunters; but we apprehend that men of the commonest sense and courage will find it difficult to restrain their contempt, where a serious attempt is made to dignify such twaddle by the claim of prophecy.

We have thus noticed a point or two of the Speech of Dr. Dewey, not out of any special regard to him, or his argument, but because the reasons he relies upon, for compelling and excusing us in this work of iniquity, are substantially the same with those of the popular mind, which does not deem it necessary, in this matter, to make their reasoning or their conclusions correspond, either with moral right or true patriotism.

DEATHS.

NOAH.—In this city, on the 22d instant, Major Mordecai M. Noah, in the 66th year of his age.

BARKER.—In Philadelphia, on the evening of the 12th instant, of scarlet fever, Jacob, eldest son of Abraham and Sarah W. Barker, aged seven years and nine months.

PARKER.—On the morning of the 17th instant, Eliza Parker, widow of Thos. Parker, Jr., in the 60th year of her age.

LONGFELLOW.—In Portland, Me., March 12, Mrs. Zilpha, relict of the late Hon. Stephen Longfellow, of P., and mother of Professor Longfellow, of Cambridge, Mass.

WALDO.—In Worcester, Mass., March 16, Miss Sarah Waldo, aged 84.

HILL.—In Washington, on the 21st instant, Hon. Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, aged about 70.

SKINNER.—In Baltimore, on the 20th instant, Hon John S. Skinner, editor of 'the Plough, Loom and Anvil,' and the father of the Agricultural Press in this country.

GARDIRVILLE.—At Homburg, Central Germany, Viscount Frederic Adolphe de Gardinville, *mousquetaire gris* of Louis XV. and Knight of the Order of St. Louis, aged 113 years. He was born January 28, 1738 and retired to Homburg after the dissolution of the army of Condé.

THOMSON.—At Laith Links, George Thomson, the friend and Correspondent of Burns, aged 92.

SKEFFINGTON.—Near London, Sir Lumley Skeffington, Bart., in his 80th year, celebrated as a leader of ton fifty years since and as a dramatic writer. His chief success was in Melodrama and Burlesque,—as "the Sleeping Beauty" and "Bombastes Furioso." He is damned to fame by Byron in the "English Bards" and one of the Twopenny Postbag letters addressed to him.

WILLIAMS.—At Wooton, near Liverpool, Lt. Col. George Williams. At twelve years of age he joined Burgoyne's army and carried the flag of truce on the occasion of the surrender. He is supposed to have been the last survivor of that army.

PORTER.—At Bristol, aged 76, William Ogelvie Porter, M. D., the last survivor of the celebrated Porter family, comprising Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the novelist, and Sir Robert Ker Porter, the traveller.

Cincinnati A.-S. Convention.

THE Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle of Cincinnati, earnestly invite all who advocate the doctrine that slaveholding is a violation of God's law, and a cruel wrong to man, and therefore, that Slavery ought to be immediately abolished, to meet in Convention in the City of Cincinnati, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th days of April next, (1851,) to take into consideration the present and prospective condition of the Anti-Slavery cause, and to counsel together on one common platform, in respect to the evils to be opposed, the difficulties to be surmounted, and the proper means and measures for maintaining and sustaining their principles practically and thoroughly.

There has never been a moment when Christian philanthropists could have been justified in relaxing their vigilance in the cause of human freedom. But at no period of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, has there been a greater demand for their watchfulness, and their earnest, energetic, bold and persevering exertions than at this time, when the mightiest powers of the civil government are yet more strenghtened for the support of Slavery by the aid of the highest talents and the combined influence of the American Church.

It is painful to reflect upon the fact that after eighteen hundred years of the promulgation of the gospel of Jesus Christ who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and whose very title of Redeemer is a standing condemnation of Slavery, the first principles of Christinity should be so little understood and felt, that three millions of the human family are now held in the most abject servitude under the laws and institutions of a Government whose Constitution allows more freedom of conscience than any other upon earth, and with the sanction of a Church that glories in its independence of the civil power. It is distressing beyond measure to see great Statesmen and learned Doctors of Divinity putting forth all the strength and power of their mighty intellects to dry up the fountains of human sympathy, and deliver the poor, panting fugitive to the tender mercies of the despot who claims him for his slave.

In the mortification and distress of our hearts, in view of this unhallowed combination, we call upon the friends of humanity to rally in defence of all that is right and true in the principles of civil and divine law. Let no slight consideration, beloved friends, prevent your attendance. The cries of humanity, the voice of your brother's blood, and the claims of Christianity, call upon you to make every sacrifice needful to accomplish the great object which you profess to have near your hearts, and to do all you can to deliver them who are bound out of the hands of the spoiler.

The weapons of our warfare not being carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds, we may with certainty calculate upon a glorious triumph, if we battle together in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace, wielding with boldness the word of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

For Christ and Humanity,
SARAH H. ERNST, President.

M. M. GUILD, Secretary.

Cincinnatti, O., Feb. 12, 1851.

Liberty Bell for 1851.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conserv'e),
THE EDINGBURG REVIEW (

MISCELLANY.

For The Standard.

Letter from an Old Lodge.

NO. II.

I CAUGHT a smile on your grave, face, dear editor, as you glanced at my first essay at a Standard Letter, and perceived me call your pretty rural *ornee*, with its aspiring Gothic arches, and pretentious stained glass, an *Arcadian* cottage. I used the epithet in a wider sense than at first glance may appear, for I looked upon you there, among your flowers, as sagely preferring the broad, free, pure breath of the country to the crowded, prisoned, vitiated air of a great city, rather than in any *pastoral* light. *Pastoral*, in a higher sense, may your office prove! But you have in your corresponding associate a preacher so powerful, that to him you will prefer to yield the name and honors of the sacerdotal office. May Pastor Quincy, then, draw the millions to the Standard doctrines of a Christian Coalition—a true Fold of Freemen!

I began this merely as a postscript to my former letter, but I am half-inclined to go on, and let the accident of the pastoral pun serve me as a text to another discourse, less floral and fanciful than the former. Still, as in summer, we ice our sherbets, and seek the cool shadow of our trees with other than the child's purpose, that "nobody see us!" so, in winter, though we wisely eschew "coblers" and cordials, and even coffee, we yet create for ourselves an atmosphere as summer-like and redolent of blossoming nature as skill and circumstance will permit—so I intend (if you find room in your dignified hebdomadal for my letter—nay, do not frown! the fragmentary name indicates a clean ground)—I intend you shall smell my green-house pets, as well as the wild flowers "in the bushes," till a change of season shall make you long for snows and ices. You would not have to call loudly for these where here I keep my ("*ice o' late*," though just now we have the promise of a soft interlude) winter's watch on the great world without, in the immediate shadow of one pyramidal silver-fir, whose tall spire, though not seen from within, is illumined by many a ray of sunshine, which penetrates the thick branches, and finds its cheering way through the six-by-eight panes of my ancient cottage windows; while a bright-berried spindle-tree at its side—lately flaming, almost, as the hickory coals on my hearth—though it shyly leans away from the dense evergreen, and, viewed from within, seems to hold no converse with its dark-hued neighbor—to the passer-by on the great highway appears to perfect its brilliant color no other purpose than to embellish the foliage of the sombre fir! How like its radiance the humor that emanates from, or rather circles, a sad heart! It sends forths its bright beams to the world, and seems a very portion of the deep pathos with which it is so closely interwoven; while its root-hold lies as distinct—as far less deep in the soil—as do the radicles of the gay burning-bush to those of the heaven-aspiring tree! Or, if humor even spring from the same source, it is as grave, in the feeling which evolves it, as the passion from which its springs. It is not even akin to gayety: it has no innate resemblance to the mirth of a glad heart. Yet the deepest sadness may be serene—as calm as is the truest bliss—and perhaps often more nearly approximates happiness than the wild unrest which is often mistaken for joy.

If my text has produced a leader, let that which may follow be borrowed from a more powerful pen; in which it is difficult to decide whether the light or shade, humor or pathos, predominate. It touches a subject, Woman and her Efforts, without allusion to which even letter-writing seems almost anachronistic at this time; and yet another within this: are, or are not, these very efforts an anachronism? That there are pure and noble spirits enlisted in the work, none can doubt! I have before now been tempted to touch upon this delicate, debatable ground of woman's true social position; but here the certainty that what I might have to offer must, to the greater portion of your readers, seem entirely supererogatory: while to the few, and this few, perhaps, the larger portion of my own little auditory—which I would fain draw from the highways and hedges without—my views will be in advance of any, to them, conclusive arguments I may be able to offer, by which to enforce them. These considerations will, as heretofore, cause me to fall quietly—on this occasion at least—into the position that Hawthorne has so feelingly set forth as the one into which her sex is almost inevitably forced—silence.

"A tendency to speculation," says this gifted and profound writer, in The Scarlet Letter, "a tendency to speculation, though it may keep woman quiet, as it does man, yet makes her sad. She discovers, it may be, such a hopeless task before her. As a first step, the whole system of society is to be torn down, and built up anew. Then, the very nature of the opposite sex, or its long hereditary habit, which has become like nature, is to be essentially modified before woman can be allowed to assume what seems to be a fair and suitable position." (Your Anti-Slavery women have proved that these are not obstacles to intimidate, when a great duty to humanity is to be performed. So did the early, and so do some of the later, female Quakers.) But let us hear him further. "Finally, all other difficulties being obviated, woman cannot take advantage of these preliminary reforms, until she herself shall have undergone a still mightier change, in which, perhaps, the etherial essence in which she has her truest life will be found to have evaporated." Let us thank him, in the name of all the female laborers in any good work which calls them out from the household privacy, which woman certainly loves best—in the name of all those in whom the true feminine aura which constitutes the indefinable charm of womanhood shall be found not to have evaporated—for that *perhaps*! I trust there are so many such, that in some one of these Nathaniel Hawthorne will yet recognize "the angel and apostle of the coming revolution," who, in his own words, "must be a woman indeed, but lofty, pure and beautiful; and rise, moreover, not through dusky grief, but the etherial medium of joy, and showing how sacred love should make us happy by the truest test of a life successful to such an end." When he included the word beautiful in these essentials, he had doubtless been

> "Sitting in some ancient wood,
> And caught the secret of it all;
> That all things beautiful are good,
> *And all things good are beautiful.*"

My letter is already long, but "Cousin Annie" has not yet spoken. I promised myself and you not to encroach upon the sacred precincts of your human garden; but the sweet bud that has been thence withdrawn has called out a voice that pleads to be heard. If others may not look within this holy sanctuary, cut off the verses from the sheet, for the sacred eye of home alone.

Yours, very truly, A. P. C.

Firden Lodge, Jan. 12, 1851.

P.S. If any inquire the location of Firden Lodge, just say, dear Editor, it is in the wilderness, away toward the North Star (if Douglass', no matter.) If any desire the filling out of these blind initials, inform such flattering inquirer that they mean simply Alexis Pelion Comana; and in the way of explanatory return, ask if our balmy and beautiful South is not threatening to become one vast Comana, with a Ma for a goddess? and if it does not demand a touch of the comic satire of an Alexis, a fibre of the mountain strength of a Pelion, in the feeblest hand that ventures a blow at the fearful Hydra? Now, if you will keep me buried under this accumulation of fun, power and wickedness, I may perhaps call an Ossa upon my Pelion, and the gods may "roll upon Ossa the leafy Olympus," to aid my pebble-and-sling effort against the giant.

Seriously, earnestly, my friend, let me enforce upon you that you will draw more and fuller buckets, the more completely hidden beneath the forest foliage is the little well-spring which forms the source of this first overflow of your friend.

ALEXIS.

THE AWAKENING OF A SERAPH SLEEPER.

COMMEMORATIVE OF W. O. G.

Angels aye had watched it—
Bud of Heaven's keeping—
'Neath a love deputed,
In a garden sleeping.

In a garden holy,
There God's angels watched it;
Eyed it, morn and even,
That no blight ere touched it.

Angel-love is higher—
Angel-love looks deeper—
Than the love of mother,
Watching o'er the sleeper.

Angel-love is wiser—
Angel-love looks farther—
Than the love which brightens
Eye of truest father.

'Twas the angels' fondling—
These their chosen gardeners—
Agents o'er the nursling,
Love-linked, blissful partners.

God's own hand had placed it
Here for nestling slumber—
Here, in breasts that knew not
How these hours to number.

Know not when the morning
Dewed it with Love's tear-gems,
These pure drops, congealing,
Would make starry ear-gems.

Trumps to quicken hearing
Of low spirit-voices,
In which, rapt, unfearing,
The rift soul rejoices.

Know not that each sun-ray
Flung from earth's warm bosom—
Flung in fond caresses,
On this sky-born blossom—

Falling through these tear-drops,
Lens-like on their vision,
Should make clearer eye sight
For the heights elysian.

There to view their peerless,
Wakened from earth's slumber,
Now the chosen seraph
Their high deeds to number.

Let them tend the garden—
Garden now more holy—
That the bright bud slumbered
In its umbrage lowly.

Ere its leaves expanded
Juts lark-like pinions,
To wing souls, love-banded,
To its sky-dominions!

Dec. 5, 1850.

The True Story of Jane M'Crea.

FROM LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE first place of historic interest that we visited at Fort Edward was the venerable and blasted pine tree, near which, tradition asserts, the unfortunate Jane McCrea lost her life while General Burgoyne had his encampment near Sandy Hill. It stands upon the West side of the road leading from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill, and about half a mile from the canal-lock in the former village. The tree had exhibited unaccountable signs of decadence for several years, and when we visited it, it was sapless and bare. Its top was torn off by a November gale, and almost every breeze diminishes its size by scattering its decayed twigs. The trunk is about five feet in diameter, and upon the bark is engraved, in bold letters, JANE MCCREA, 1777. The names of many ambitious visitors are intaglioed upon it, and reminded me of the line, "Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree." In a few years this tree, around which history and romance have clustered so many associations, will crumble and pass away forever.

The sad story of the unfortunate girl is so interwoven in our history that it has become a component part; but is told with so many variations, in essential particulars, that much of the narratives we have is evidently pure fiction; a simple tale of Indian abduction, resulting in death, having its counterpart in a hundred like occurrences, has been garnished with all the high coloring of a romantic love story. It seems a pity to spoil the *romance* of the matter, but truth always makes sad havoc with the frost-work of the imagination, and sternly demands the homage of the historian's pen.

All accounts agree that Miss McCrea was staying at the house of a Mrs. M'Neil, near the fort, at the time of the tragedy. A grand-daughter of Mrs. M'Neil (Mrs. F———n) is now living at Fort Edward, and from her I received a minute account of the whole transaction, as she had heard it a "thousand times" from her grandmother. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence, about sixty years old. When I was at Fort Edward she was on a visit with her sister at Glenn's Falls. it had been my intention to go direct to Whitehall, on Lake Champlain, by the way of Fort Ann, but the traditionary accounts in the neighborhood of the event in question, were so contradictory of the books, and I received such assurances that perfect reliance might be placed upon the statements of Mrs. F———n, that, anxious to ascertain the truth of the matter, if possible, we went to Lake Champlain by way of Glenn's Falls and Lake George. After considerable search at the Falls, I found Mrs. F———n, and the following is her relation of the tragedy at Fort Edward:

Jane McCrea was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of Jersey City, opposite New York; and while Mrs. M'Neil (then a wife of the former husband named Campbell) was a resident of New York City, an acquaintance and intimacy had grown up between Jenny and her daughter. After the death of Campbell (which occurred at sea) Mrs. Campbell married M'Neil. He, too, was lost at sea, and she removed with her family to an estate owned by him at Fort Edward. Mr. McCrea, who was a widower, died, and Jane went to live with her brother near Fort Edward, where the intimacy of former years with Mrs. M'Neil and daughter was renewed, and Jane spent much of her time at Mrs. M'Neil's house. Near her brother's lived a family named Jones, consisting of a widow and six sons, and between Jenny and David Jones, a gay young man, a feeling of friendship budded and ripened into reciprocal love. When the war broke out the Joneses took the royal side of the question, and David and his brother Jonathan went to Canada in the autumn of 1776. They raised a company of about sixty men, under pretext of re-enforcing the American garrison at Ticonderoga, but they went further down the lake and joined the British garrison at Crown Point. When Burgoyne collected his forces at St. John's, at the foot of Lake Champlain, Jonathan was made a Captain and David a Lieutenant in the division under General Fraser, and at the time in question they were with the British army near Sandy Hill. Thus far all accounts nearly agree.

But the brother of Jenny was a whig, and prepared to move to Albany; but Mrs. M'Neil, who was a cousin of Gen. Fraser (killed at Stillwater) was a staunch loyalist, and intended to remain at Fort Edward. When the British were near, Jenny was as Mrs. M'Neil's, and lingered there even after repeated solicitations from her brother to return to his house, five miles further down the river, to be ready to flee when necessity should compel. A faint hope that she might meet her lover doubtless was the secret of her tarrying. At last her brother sent a peremptory order for her to join him, and she promised to go down in a large bateau which was expected to leave with several families on the following day.

Early the next morning a black servant boy belonging to Mrs. M'Neil espied some Indians stealthily approaching the house, and giving the alarm to the inmates, he fled to the fort, about eighty rods distant. Mrs. M'Neil's daughter, the young friend of Jenny and mother of my informant, was with some friends in Argyle, and the family consisted of only the widow and Jenny, two small children, and a black female servant. As usual at that time, the kitchen stood a few feet from the house; and when the alarm was given the black woman snatched the children, fled to the kitchen, and retreated through a trap door to the cellar. Mrs. M'Neil and Jenny followed, but the former being aged and very corpulent and the latter young and agile, Jenny reached the trap-door first. Before Mrs. M'Neil could fully descend, the Indians were in the house, and a powerful savage seized her by the hair and dragged her up. Another went into the celler and brought out Jenny, but the black face of the negro woman was not seen in the dark, and she and the children remained unharmed.

Then the two women and the savages started off, on the road to Sandy Hill, for Burgoynes camp; and when they came to the ascent on the which the *pine tree* stands, where the road forked, they caught two horses that were grazing, and attempted to place their prisoners upon them. Mrs. M'Neil was too heavy to be lifted on the horse easily, and as she signified by signs that she could not ride, two Indians took her by the arms and hurried her up the road over the hill, while the others, with Jenny on the horse, went along the road ruuning West of the tree.

The negro boy who ran to the fort gave the alarm, and a small detachment was immediately set out to effect a rescue. They fired several volleys at the Indians, but the savages escaped unharmed. Mrs. M'Neil said that the Indians, who were hurrying her up the hill, seemed to watch the flash of the guns, and several times they threw her upon her face, at the same time falling down themselves, and she distinctly heard the balls whistle above them. When they got above the second hill from the village the firing ceased; they then stopped, stripped her of all her garments except her chemise, and in that plight led her into the British camp. There she met her kinsman, General Fraser, and reproached him bitterly for sending his "scoundrel Indians" after her. He denied all knowledge of her being away from the city of New York, and took every pains to make her comfortable. She was so large that no woman in the camp had a gown big enough for her, so Fraser lent her his camp coat for a garment, and a pocket handkerchief as a substitute for her stolen cap.

Very soon after Mrs. M'Neil was taken into the British camp, two parties of Indians arrived with scalps. She at once recognized the glossy hair of Jenny,* and, though shuddering with horror, boldly charged the savages with the murder, which they denied. They averred that while hurrying her along the road on horseback, near the spring West of the *pine tree*, a bullet from one of the American guns, intended for them, mortally wounded the poor girl, and she fell from the horse. Sure of losing a prisoner by death, they took her scalp as the next best thing for them to do, and that they bore in triumph to the camp, to obtain the promised reward for such trophies. Mrs. M'Neil always believed the story of the Indians to be true, for she knew they were fired upon by the detachment from the fort, and it was far more to their interest to carry a prisoner than a scalp to the British commander, the price for the former being much greater. In fact the Indians were so restricted by Burgoyne's humane instructions respecting the taking of scalps, that their chief solicitude was to bring the prisoner alive and unharmed into the camp. And the probability that Miss McCrea was killed as alleged, is strengthened by the fact that they took the corpulent Mrs. M'Neil, with much fatigue and difficulty, uninjured to the British lines, while Miss McCrea, quite light, and already on horseback, might have been carried off with far greater ease.

It was known in the camp that Lieutenant Jones was bethrothed to Jenny, and the story got abroad that he had sent the Indians for her, that they quarreled on the way respecting the reward he had offered, and murdered her to settle the dispute.—Receiving high touches of coloring as it went from one narrator to another, the sad story became a tale of darkest horror, and produced a deep and wide-spread indignation. This was heightened by a published letter from Gates to Burgoyne, charging him with allowing the Indians to butcher with impunity defenceless women and children. "Upwards of one hundred men, women and children," says Gates, "have perished by the hands of the ruffians, to whom, it is asserted, you have paid the price of blood." Burgoyne flatly denied this assertion, and declared that the case of Jane McCrea was the only act of Indian cruelty of which he was informed.—His information must have been exceedingly limited, for on the same day when Jenny lost her life, a party of savages murdered the whole family of John Allen, of Argyle, consisting of himself, his wife, three children, a sister-in-law, and three negroes.—The daughter of Mrs. M'Neil, already mentioned, was then at the house of Mr. Allen's father-in law, Mr. Gilmer, who, as well as Mr Allen, was a Tory. Both were afraid of the savages, nevertheless, and were preparing to flee to Albany. On the morning of the massacre a younger daughter of Mr. Gilmer went to assist Mrs. Allen in preparing to move. Not returning when expected, her father sent the negro boy to look for her. He soon returned screaming, "They are all dead—father, mother, young missus, and all!" It was too true. That morning, while all the family were at breakfast, the Indians burst in upon them and slaughtered every one. Mr. Gilmer and his family left in great haste for Fort Edward, but proceeded very cautiously for fear of the savages. When near the Fort, and creeping warily along a ravine, they discovered a portion of the party who had plundered Mrs. M'Neil's house in the morning. They had emptied he straw from the beds and filled the ticks with stolen articles. Mrs M'Neil's daughter, who accompanied the fugitive family, saw her mother looking-glass tied up upon the back of one of the savages. They succeeded in reaching the Fort in safety.

Burgoyne must soon have forgotten this event, and the alarm among the loyalists because of the murder of a Tory and his family: forgotten how they flocked to his camp for protection, and Fraser's remark to the frightened loyalists, "It is a conquered country, and we must wink at these things;" and how his own positive orders to the Indians, not to molest those having protection, caused many to leave him and return to their hunting grounds on the St. Lawrence. It was all dark and dreadful, and Burgoyne was willing to retreat behind a false assertion, to escape the perils which were sure to grow out of an admission of half the truth of Gate's letter.—That letter Sparks justly remarks, was more ornate than forcible, and abounded more in bad taste than simplicity and pathos, yet it was suited to the feelings of the moment, and produced a lively impression in every part of America. Burke, in the exercise of his glowing eloquence, used the story with powerful effect in the British House of Commons, and made the dreadful tale familiar throughout all Europe.

Burgoyne, who was at Fort Ann, instituted an inquiry into the matter. He summoned the Indians to council, and demanded the surrender of the man who bore off the scalp, to be punished as a murderer. Lieutenant Jones denied all knowledge of the matter, and utterly disclaimed any such participation as the sending of a letter to Jenney, or of an Indian escort to bring her to the camp. He had no motive for so doing, for the American army was then retreating: a small guard only was at Fort Edward, and in a day or two the British would have full possession of the Fort, when he could have a personal interview with her. Burgoyne, instigated by motives of policy rather than judgment and inclination, pardoned the savage who scalped poor Jenny fearing that a total defection of the Indians would be the result of his punishment.

Lieutenant Jones, chilled with horror and broken in spirit by the event, tendered a resignation of his commission, but it was refused. He purchased the scalp of his Jenny, and with this cherished memento deserted with his brother, when they reached Saratoga, and retired to Canada. Various accounts have been given respecting the subsequent fate of Lieutenant Jones. Some assert that, perfectly desperate and careless of life, he rushed into the thickest of the battle on Bemis Heights, and was slain; while others allege that he died within three years afterward, heart-broken and insane. But neither assertion is true. While searching for Mrs. F———n among her friends at Glen's Falls, I called at the house of Judge N———s, whose lady is related by marriage to the family of Jones. Her aunt married a brother of Lieutenant Jones, and she often heard this lady speak of him. He lived in Canada to be an old man, and died but a few years ago. The death of Jenny was a heavy blow, and he never recovered from it. In youth he was gay and exceedingly garrulous, but after that terrible event he was melancholy and taciturn. He never married, and avoided society as much as his business would permit. Toward the close of July in every year, when the anniversary of the tradegy approached, he would shut himself in his room and refuse the sight of every one; and at all times his friends avoided any reference to the Revolution in his presence.

At the time of this tragical event the American army, under General Schuyler, was encamped at Mose's Creek, five miles below Fort Edward. One of its two divisions was placed under command of Arnold, who had just reached the army. His division included the rear-guard left at the fort. A picket-guard of one hundred men, under Lieutenant Van Vechten, was stationed on the hill a little north of the pine tree; and at the moment when the house of Mrs. M'Neil was attacked and plundered, and herself and Jenny were carried off, other parties of Indians belonging to the same expedition, came rushing through the woods from different points and fell upon the Americans. Lieutenant Van Vechten and several others were killed and their scalps were borne off. Their bodies, with that of Jenny, were found by the party that went out from the fort in pursuit. She and the officer were lying near together, close by the spring already mentioned, and only a few feet from the pine tree. They were stripped of clothing, for plunder was the chief incentive of the savages to war. They were borne immediately to the fort, which the Americans at once evacuated, and Jane did indeed go down the river in a bateau in which she had intended to embark, but not glowing with life and beauty, as was expected by her fond brother. With the deepest grief, he took charge of the mutilated corse, which was buried at the same time and placed with the Lieutenant, on the west bank of the Hueson, near the mouth of a small creek about three miles above Fort Edward.

Mrs. M'Neil lived many years, and was buried in the small village cemetery, very near the ruins of the fort. In the summer of 1846, the remains of Jenny were taken up and deposited in the same grave with her. They were followed by a long train of young men and maidens, and the funeral ceremonies were conducted by the eloquent but unfortunate Hooper Cumming, of Albany, at that time a brilliant light in the American pulpit, but destined like a glowing meteor, to go down into darkness and gloom. Many who were then young have a vivid recollection of the pathetic discourse of that gifted man, who on that occasion "made all Fort Edward weep," as he deliniated anew the sorrowful picture of the immolation of youth and innocence upon the horrid altar of war.

A plain white marble slab about three feet high, with the simple inscription *Jane McCrea*, marks the spot of her interment. Not far from the same spot is an antique brown stone slab, erected to the memory of Duncan Campbell, a relative of Mrs. M'Neil's first husband, who was mortally wounded at Ticonderoga in 1758. Several others of the same name lie near, members of the family of Donald Campbell, a brave Scotchman who was with Montgomery at the storming of Quebec in 1775.

* It was of extraordinary length and beauty, measuring a yard and a quarter. She was then about twenty years old, and a very lovely girl, not lovely in beauty of face, according to the common standard of beauty, but so lovely in disposition, so graceful in manner, and so intelligent in features, that she was a favorite of all who knew her.

From the International Magazine.

William Penn and Macaulay.

We find in the London Times a reviewal of Mr. Forster's "Observations on the Charges made in Mr. Macaulay's History of England against the Character of William Penn," and transfer it to these pages, as likely to be not less interesting to Americans than to Englishmen, since Penn's name is most intimately connected with the history of this country. The book reviewed has been republished in New York by Mr. John Wiley.

"Mr. Macaulay will not be likely to take offence at a comparison of his History with Burnet's, and certainly in one particular point the two productions have been attended with remarkably similar effects. The number of historical writers and pamphleteers who were called into being by the honest Bishop's account of his own times was astonishing. Every chapter in his narrative created a literary antagonist, and the spirit thus called into being was really inttrumental, to a very considerable extent, in changing the whole style and tone of English history. It is too early to predict a precisely similar issue of Mr. Macaulay's labors; but things are certainly tending that way. There have been more discussions upon points of English history within the last twelve months than have usually occurred in as many years. The social and political condition of our ancestors, the motives of great acts, the characters of great men, and the general course of our national life for the last century and a half, have of late been perpetually brought before the public, and seldom withou instructive results. It is not, of course, every joust which yields a respectable show, but Mr. Macaulay's shield has been once or twice struck by antagonists who have shown a title to the encounter, and one of these is now in the lists with the pamphlet specified below.

"Mr. Foster's challenge is on behalf of the personal character and political conduct of the famous William Penn, 'the arch-Quaker,' whom he conceives Mr. Macaulay to have treated with an injustice which, if it did not result from deliberate prejudice, was at all events chargeable to unbecoming negligence of inquiry. The cause thus asserted he defends in fifty pages of not unreasonable argument, and supports by the liberal quotation of accepted authorities. Unfortunately, the character of the controversy is such that it is almost impossible either to arbitrate conclusively between the parties, or to convey an adequate idea of their respective positions. Mr. Macaulay's fashion of writing, too, makes sadly against any minute or critical investigation of his resources or his deductions. His habit is to throw off a single complete sketch of a character or a transaction, and at the foot of it to quote all together the various authorities, from certain passages of which he derived the warrant for his own several touches. By this means we are incapacitated from closely following his observations, and we can only infer, with greater or less probability, what particular portion of a particular authority served for the foundation of any particular statement. To some extent this method of proceeding is inseparable from Mr. Macaulay's style, and its obvious disadvantage must be set off against that brilliancy and effect of the general picture which commands such universal admiration. Mr. Macaulay writes as it were from impressions. He consults and perusss the original records of the times he is describing, and out of the general deductions thus instinctively drawn his conception is formed. We believe this to be the best way of arriving at general truths, but it is a practice which greatly limits the application of ordinary tests of accuracy. Indeed, in many portions of Mr. Macaulay's history, a reader can do little more than compare his own previous impressions of the facts and scenes described with the impression of the writer who is describing them. Many of his descriptions are compounded of such numerous and minute ingredients, picked here and there from such a variety of quarters, that they can only be verified by a similar process to that in which they originated. A signal exemplification of our meaning will be found in his delineation of the character and position of the English clergy before the Revolution. We not only believe ourselves that this sketch is substantially correct, but we would even venture to say that the impressions of well-informed and unprejudiced minds as to the general truth would, in a majority of cases, coincide with our own. Yet of this we are perfectly certain—that it would not only be possible but easy to collect so many particular examples of a contrary tendency as would wholly bewilder the judgment of an ordinary reader. Mr. Macauly, in fact, can too frequently only be judged by those who have followed, at however humble a distance, his own track of study. The temptations to this kind of writing will be considerably weaker in the case of the volumes which are yet to come, and we may there, perhaps, hope for a little more severity of quotation. Yet in the portraitures of individual characters these inducements will still remain, nor can they be very easily, or indeed, very properly, overlooked.

"It is not enough to say that the character of an historical personage is to be drawn from the authen-record of his action. No doubt it is so; but there are a thousand minute and almost indefinable suggestions, arising from the perusal of these actions with all their circumstances, which will exercise a most material influence upon the judgment. The motives, for instance, of an action, must be almost always matter of surmise, and yet upon these surmises the conclusion will mainly depend. It is to this case we must attribute the contradiction which such conclusions occasionally exhibit, as in the conflicting characters drawn by various hands of Archbishop Crammer, of General Monk, of James II., or, as in the case before us, of William Penn. Nevertheless, Mr. Foster does supply us with some means of estimating the justice and accuracy of Mr. Macaulay's decision; but as our limits preclude anything like a comparison of the two theories in detail, we must confine ourselves to communicating a general idea of the disputed points in continuation and illustration of what we have already premised.

"William Penn, the Quaker, as we need hardly state, passed the early part of his life under heavy persecutions on account of his religious opinions. In the resolute spirit of fortitude with which he sustained these sufferings, he gave utterance to many rigid and uncompromising doctrines. Things then took a turn with him, and from a poor persecuted pietist he became a close client of Royalty, and almost the chief of court favorites in an age of favoritism. That some of his sayings and doings in these two strangely-contrasted scenes of his life should be a little contradictory is, to say the least, no matter of wonder. Mr. Macaulay, accordingly, giving him full credit for religious principle, but not much for strength of mind, depicts the stubborn and fanatical Quaker of former days, as having become in the reign of King James the compliant and, though well-meaning, not over scrupulous agent of a monarch, whose designs were directed against the civil and religious liberty of his people. Mr. Forster, on the other hand, would ascribe Penn's appearance in these scenes exclusively to his good and charitable intentions. He would represent him wholly as a peacemaker, (which is, perhaps, not far from the truth,) and he would exculpate him from all motives except those of charity; attributing to him a thorough and undisguised repugnance to the King's evil designs, and a resolution simply to realize out of these evil doings the great and permanent blessing of religious liberty for his countrymen at large.

"The first bone of contention is the participation of Penn in that nefarious transaction by which the Royal Maids of Honor extorted ransoms from the poor Taunton girls who had welcomed the arrival of Monmouth. It seems that the chief, if not the sole authority for Mr. Macaulay's remarks on this head, is contained in a letter of Sunderland's, preserved in the State-Paper office, and addressed to 'Mr. Penn.' Mr. Forster, therefore, disputes the identity of the two persons. Now, we think that very few people, after a careful exercise of their judgment, would doubt either that this letter was addressed to Penn, or that another, subsequently alluded to, was written by him. Still we admit that its phraseology does not bear out all Mr. Macaulay's circumstantial details of the transaction, and it certainly cannot be denied that his conduct was, to say the least, *susceptible* of an interpretation which should have called rather for the approval than the censure of the historian. The principal subject, however, of the controversy, is the share taken by William Penn in the dealings of James with the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford. We feel it very difficult to give any sufficient statement of this case, not only by reason of our own narrow limits, but for want of words so to express ourselves as not to assume what one or other of the disputants deny. Yet Mr. Forster must not complain if we assert that William Penn, in this as in other questionable transactions, was, if not an agent of the King, at least a kind of go-between, and generally with an inclination towards that conclusion which James desired. Perhaps he often interfered because nobody else could interfere so beneficially—this we are very willing to allow, but, to take the case now before us, it surely cannot be gainsaid that in his mediation, if Mr. Forster will accept the term, between the King and the College, he really did wish that, with as little unpleasantness as might be, the College would submit to the King. And even if we accept as not proved the allegation that he directly tempted the Fellows to perjury, yet Mr. Forster must not ask us to believe that Penn would not have been a great deal better pleased if the Fellows had quietly dropped the consideration of their oaths, and surrendered their foundation to the Papists without further struggle.

"We suspect the truth to be, that Mr. Macaulay has somewhat exceeded his specified warrants, not in the design but in the coloring. We believe that many of Penn's acts were strangely inconsistent, if rigorously noted, with his principles as previously professed, but we doubt whether they will bear quite such hard words as Mr. Macaulay has given them. Nevertheless, to recur to an expression which we employed before, we are persuaded that in a majority of cases, the *general impression* of an unbiased inquirer would be more nearly in accordance with Mr. Macaulay's sketch, than with that flattering and stainless portrait which Mr. Forster, at the conclusion of his remarks, would fain have drawn. Mr. Macauly may have painted his story a little too highly. His faults are less in his verbs and substantives than in his adjectives and his adverbs. Penn never in all probability became such an obsequious and pliant principled courtier as he is represented in this history; but the simple facts which are authentically recorded of his court life, preclude any notion of the high-souled and spotless character which Mr. Forster would fain depict."

The subjects discussed in this volume have been much handled by our own writers, and in several cases with very decided ability. We incline to the side of Mr. Forster throughout. An attentive study of the life of Wm. Penn reveals to our view a character of singular purity, and in nearly all respects admirably composed. The judgment of Macaulay we hold in very little esteem. It was said of Voltaire that he would sacrifice Christ for an epigram; it may be said of Macaulay that he would sacrifice as liberally for an antithesis. He labors always for effect, and it must be admitted that he has evinced very extraordinary abilities for this end; he never fails in variety, contrast, or grouping: hence his popularity, and the absence from his pictures of the highest elements of history.

Although in State Papers and in the Transactions of Societies in this country, there is a large amount of important historical material in relation to Penn, we have no creditable memoir of him; which is remarkable, considering the attractive interest of the subject, and the jealousy which has been displayed in various quarters respecting everything affecting his reputation.

First American Steam Navigator.

THE *Tribune* reports the following interesting debate at the March meeting of the New York Historical Society:

....Passing to the subject of FITCH and FULTON'S experiments in Steam Navigation, Mr. Parker entered into an elaborate disquisition on the disputed question of priority. He adduced the testimony of various witnesses (three of whom were present at the meeting) to show that Mr. Fitch unquestionably made the first experiments with steam on the "Collect," in September, 1797. Mr. Fulton and Chancellor Livingston were on board Fitch's vessel on this first trip.

Fulton's boat, which succeeded in reaching Albany, was of the following dimensions: On deck, 133 feet long originally; 14 1-2 feet wide on the bottom; 17 feet wide on deck; 8 feet in the hold, midships, and 9 feet in the bow. It was planked with 1 1-2 inch boards. The boat made about 4 miles an hour

Upon the subject of Fulton's claim Mr. Parker remarked that he could do no better than to state in the words of another, (the eloquent Mr. H. G. Tuckerman,) that "it is a very narrow view of Fulton's claims to grateful respect which estimates them solely according to the degree of originality he manifested in the application of steam to navigation. The great fact in the controversy remains indisputable, that the only inventor who persevered in giving a practical use to the knowledge already gained on the subject, and continued to try expedients until crowned with success which introduced steam navigation, *was Robert Fulton*."

Rev. Dr. GRISWOLD remarked that he had read with surprise and regret the altogether erroneous observations of the magazine writer quoted by Mr. Parker upon the subject of Fulton's experiments. At this day it was simply absurd to allege that Fulton made the first successful experiment in steam navigation. To claim such credit for Fulton, was to abandon it for the country. In England the matter had been much discussed recently, and it was easy to perceive that the claims of Symington could be maintained against those of Fulton—against any claims but those of John Fitch—since the pretensions of De Garay at Barcelona, Hulls in England, Miller in Scotland, and Jouffroy in France, were too vague and unintelligible to deserve consideration.—Symington's boat was constructed in 1788, and its greatest speed was five miles an hour, upon one of the highland lakes of Scotland, and in the following year seven miles, upon the Clyde. Fitch, who was a poor man, and uneducated, possessed unquestionable genius; the vision of steamboats had haunted him half his life, and the details of his first boat had been arranged in his mind at least two years, when he launched upon the Delaware, in 1787, the *Perseverance*—the precursor of the fleets of steamers which now swarm the rivers, lakes, and seas of the world. This was *ten years* before Fulton built his boat upon the Hudson, and one year before Symington (to whom and to other foreign claimants of the discovery the intelligence of Fitch's plans probably suggested all they accomplished) made his trial on Loch Dalswinton.

Dr. Griswold said that a brief memoir upon the subject, which he had written many years ago, had led to a correspondence between himself and the late Noah Webster, who in one of his letters stated that he had seen, and in another that he had been a passenger upon the boat of Fitch, as to the success of whose experiments Dr. Webster's testimony was very positive. That distinguished person had declared himself indignant that a new Americus had kept from the Columbus of this discovery the gratitude of mankind. In the library of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and in other repositories for such treasures in that city, there were many important documents illustrative of his history, and Miss Leslie, a sister of the eminent painter, and herself honorably distinguished in literature, had been several years engaged upon a Life of Fitch, for which she had very ample materials—her father, while residing in London, having been his most serviceable friend and patron, and after Fitch's death the exhibitor and explainer of his designs to Fulton. Miss Leslie's book, he had no doubt, would be a most important contribution to our annals—upon this subject entirely conclusive. Of Fitch he had said that he had genius—not simply faculties for the application of the ideas of others, but a genuine creative energy. Failing in his efforts to persuade the people of the benefits that would result in his invention, he went to Kentucky, in the hope of obtaining from certain contemplated speculations in land, such means as Fulton derived from an appreciating patron. He was disappointed, and in a fit of despair threw himself into the Mississippi, leaving directions that it his body were recovered it should be buried by the Father of Waters, that the musical noise of boats moved by steam up and down that great river, might be his everlasting requiem. In this request was more true poetry than in all else that had been said or written of steam navigation. Fitch felt that he had given a new impulse to civilization—that he had marked the limits of a new era for the human race; and with the confidence of a prophet whom God had commissioned, he foretold the passage of steamships against the winds across the Atlantic, and he saw all the grand results of his discovery, which had been so eloquently described by the reverend gentleman to whose paper the Society had listened.

From the letters of Dr. Webster, referred to by Dr. Griswold, we transcribe the following extracts:

Noah Webster to R. W. Griswold, Dec. 18, 1839

DEAR SIR: In your sketch of John Fitch you justly remarked that his biography is still a desideratum. . . . Mr. Fitch conceived the project of steam navigation in 1785, as appears by his advertisement. He built his boat in 1787. In my Diary I have myself noted that I visited the boat, lying at the wharf in the Delaware, on the 9th day of February, 1787. The Governor and Council were so much gratified with the success of the boat that they presented Mr. Fitch with a superb flag. About that time, the company aiding Mr. Fitch, sent him to France, at the request of Mr. Vail, our Consul at L'Orient, who was one of the company. But this was when France began to be agitated by the Revolution, and nothing in favor of Mr. Fitch was accomplished; he therefore returned. Mr. Vail afterward *presented to Mr. Fulton for examination the papers of Mr. Fitch*, containing his scheme of steam navigation. After Mr. Fitch returned to this country he addressed a letter to Mr. Rittenhouse, in which he predicted that in time the *Atlantic would be crossed by steam power*; he complained of his poverty, and urged Mr. Rittenhouse to buy his land in Kentucky, for raising funds to complete his scheme. But he obtained no efficient aid. Disappointed in his efforts to obtain funds he resorted to indulgence in drink; he retired to Pittsburgh, and finally ended his life by plunging into the Allegheny. Yours, &c., N. WEBSTER

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

Noah Webster to R. W. Griswold, 1840.

. . . . It is enough for Mr. Fitch that he perfectly demonstrated the practicability of his scheme. If he had had a Livingston for a patron, it is not improbable that he himself could have crossed the Atlantic in a steamship. Yours truly, N. WEBSTER.

Rev. R. W. GRISWOLD.

MR. PARKER had procured a model of the Boat with which John Fitch made his experiments on the Collect Pond in New York, (the site now occupied in part by the "Halls of Justice,") in the year 1797. It was on the table during the evening; as well as a model of the boat of Mr. Fulton, made by Mr John Clark, who worked on board the "Clermont" during her first trip to Albany in 1807. Mr. Clark is now 82 years of age, was present at this meeting, and attracted much attention. The model of Fitch's boat, first alluded to, is a little more than three feet in length, and represents the boilers, paddle-wheels, screw-propeller, &c., used by Fitch. It is the work of Mr. John Hutchings, (now living at No. 3 Westley-place Williamsburgh,) who assisted in setting the boiler and steered the boat for Mr. Fitch during his first experiment on the Collect in 1797.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——"POSITIVELY, the best thing," says Lamb, "a man can have to